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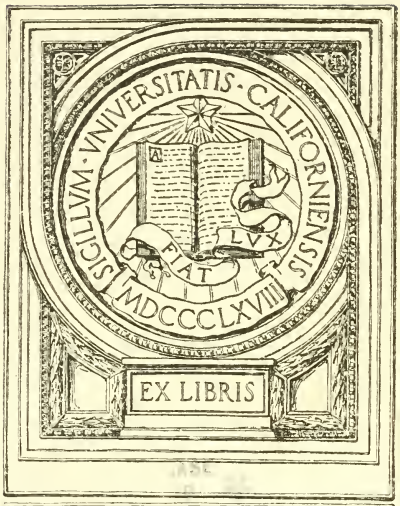


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

# The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London

By R. W.

1590

*Date of the only known Edition* . . . . 1590

*(B.M. C. 34. b. 31.)*

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

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*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

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*The B.M. copy, from which this facsimile is taken, is imperfect, lacking signature D 1—4v. These 8pp. have been supplied from the Bodleian copy, which, generally speaking, is not such a good example. There are other copies in the Bridgewater and Devonshire collections.*

*"The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London" is practically a continuation of "The Three Ladies of London"* (q.v.), *also by R. W., who is usually identified with Robert Wilson the Elder, the author of other plays of the period (see "Dictionary of National Biography"): all have now been issued in this series.*

*Mr. J. A. Herbert's report of this facsimile is that it is "reproduced with admirable fidelity." Of the woodcut on title-page he says, "a very good facsimile. The original is much faded and pale—a condition that hardly could be, if it should be, represented here."*

*JOHN S. FARMER.*

# The pleasant and Stately Morall, of the three Lordes *and three Ladies of London.*

With the great Ioy and Pompe, Solempnized at their Marriages: Commically interlaced with much honest Mirth, for pleasure and recreation, among many Morall observations and other important matters of due Regard. by R. W.

LONDON.
Printed by R. Ihones, at the Rose and Crowne neere Holburne Bridge, 1590.

# The Actors names.

Pollicie, Pompe, Pleasure, } the three Lords of London. { Wit. Wealth. Wil. } their pages.

Nemo, a graue old man.

Loue, Lucre, Conscience, } three Ladies of London.

Honest Industrie, Pure zeale, Sincerittie, } three Sages.

Pride, Ambition, Tiranny, } three Lordes of Spaine, { Shame, Treachery, Terror, } their pages,

Desire, Delight, Deuotion, } three Lordes of Lincolne.

Sorrowe, a Jayler.

Simplicity, a poore Free man of London.
Painefull Penurie, his wife.

Diligence, a Poste, or an Officer.
Fealtie, Shealtie, } two Heraldes at Armes.

Fraud, Vsurie, Dissimulation, Simony, } Foure Gallantes.

Falshood, Double dealing, } two that belong to Fraud and Dissimulation.

Enter for the Preface, a Lady very richly attyred, representing Lon-
don, having two Angels before her, and two after her with bright
Rapiers in their handes.

London speaketh.

LO, Gentles, thus the Lord dooth London guard,
Not for my sake, but for his owne delight:
For all in vaine the Centonels watch and ward,
Except he keepe the Citie day and night.
How may my foes in vaine both spurn and spight,
My foes I meane, that London represent,
Guarded from heauen by Angels excellent.

This blessing is not my sole benefit,
All England is, and so preserued hath bene,
Not by mans strength, his pollicie and wit,
But by a power and prouidence vnseene.
Euen for the loue wherewith God loues our Queene:
In whom, for whom, by whom we do possesse
Hope, grace, more good, than London can expresse.

And that hath bred our plenty and our peace,
And they doo breed the sportes you come to see,
And top it is, that I enioy increase,
My former fruites were louely Ladies three;
Now of three Lords to talke is Londons glee.
Whose deeds I wish may to your liking frame,
For London bids you welcome to the same.

Finis.

# The pleasant and statelie Morall
## *of the three Lords of London.*

Enter the three Lordes and their pages: First, Pollicie with his page Wit before him, bearing a shield: the ympreze, a Hoytoys, the word, *Prouidens securus*. Next Pompe, with his page Wealth bearing his shield, the word, *Glorie saues peere*: the ympreze a Lillie. Last, Pleasure, his page Will, his ympreze, a Faulcon, the woord, *Pour temps*: Pol. attired in blacke, Pompe in rich roabes, and Pleasure in collours.

Pollicie.

ERe I aduaunce my shield and hang it vp,
To challenge him who euer bare denie,
That one of those three London Ladies rare
Ought not of right be matcht with Pollicie:
A London Lord, the which I represent.

Pom. And pomp prouides his challenge in his (Glorie saues peere) claiming the one of them, (woord,
Not by compulsion, but by common right,
Yet maugre men my shield is here aduaunc'd
For one matchlesse, a London Lady best
Besemeth Pompe (a London Lord) to haue.

Plea. Pleasure hath sear'd as dooth his ympreze show,
To looke aloofe on earthly Ladies all,
Yet neuer could my curious eie discerne
A Dame of worth, for Londons Pleasures loue,
But one, and she dooth shine as siluer Doue.
Of selfe bred soile, of London is her race,
For whom in challenge I my shield aduaunce.

Pol. Thus each in honor of his Mistresse
And in regard of his wel daring mind,
Hath here ympriz'de the challenge of his right:
But Lordings both, and brethren bred and sworne,

A'cautiõ muſt be had in this conceit,
That all our thoughtes aſpire not to one heauen,
Nor all our ſhips do laile for one ſelfe hauen,
I meane that all our ſuites and ſeruices
We tend and tender to one onely Dame,
All chooſing one, refuſing th'other two.
Pom. A great miſlike amongſt vs that might breede.
Plea. I ſeeke but one and her vnto my ſelfe.
Pom. And one wiſh I ſauns partner of my loues.
Pol. It ſtands with honour to be ſole or none.
Pom. Whom loueſt thou pleaſure?
Plea. Yearke ye. Whiſper in his eare.
Pom. Tuſh, ye lie.
Wil. If my maiſter were a ſouldier, that word wold haue the ſtab.
Wit. Wel Wil, ſtil you'il be a ſaucie Scab.
pom. Why Pleaſure? Pompe hath choſen Lucres loue.
plea. Why pompe? But pleaſure honors Lucre moſt.
pol. And pollicie may Lady Lucre gaine
Before you both: but let vs not contend,
For Nemo dooth the Ladies priſoners keepe,
Though they were ſaundered late with Libertis
And mariage to three farre borne Forriners.
Then firſt it fits we practiſe their releaſe,
And ſee them, and by ſight our liking place,
For yet we loue as Goſſips tell their tales,
By hearſay: Fame, not Fauour hath vs yet enflam'd.
pom. Lord pollicie with reaſon hath diſcuſt
pleaſure conſent, and ſo our loue ſhall bold.
ple. Ye neuer found that Londons Pleaſure err'd
From reaſon, or from pompe and pollicy.
pol. Come on ſir boy, attend you wel your charge, To his page Wit.
Wait in this place to watch and ward this ſhield,
If any man in honor of his loue,
So hardy be with ſtroke of ſword to attaint
This ſhield, and challenge him that hereby challengeth,
Say for thy Lord as ſhould a truſty Page,
That pollicie doth dare him to perfourme
A hardier taſke than common challengers,
If he demaund what pollicy may be,

A Lord

A Lord of London say, one of the three.

pom. And you (sir boy) for pompe perform the like, To Wealth.
Bid him that dare this Empreze batter once,
Be well aduisde he be no beggers brat,
Nor base of courage, nor of bad conceit:
To match himselfe with such magnificence,
As fits Lord pompe of London for his loue:
Call if he come that can encounter me,
Or moone me not for ech enuious swad.

plea. Will, be not wanton nor of waiward mood, To Will.
Waite as doo these, vse faith and diligence,
And marke him well that dare disdaine this shield,
Which Londons Lord that pleasure hath to name,
Hath here aduaunc'd in honor of his Dame.
I bid thee marke him well, what e'er he be,
That Londons pleasure dooth in malice scorne,
For he's a Rascal, or a straunger borne.
Good boy marke well his iesture and his looke,
His eie, his gate, his weapon and attire,
And dog him to his lodging, or his denne,
For I will make him scomme and scorne of men,
No better boy than Wil, when Wil is pleasde,
Be pleasd my boy, and so be my good Wil.

pol. And so good boyes farewel, look to your charge,
Watch well good Wit, who scorneth Londons pollicy,
Be warie Wit, for thou canst well discerne.

pom. Wealth watch for pomp for thou canst wel defend

plea. Wil can do something too when pleaseth him.

Wit. Wil is a good boy where better is none. Exeunt the 3. Lordes.

Wil. Nay Wit were the best boy if wil were gone.

Wea. Nay wealth is the best boy, sirs let that alone.

VVit. I wisse he saith true wil, this wealth's a gay lad.

Wil. I care not for him, curmudgenly Swad.

Wea. Mel, misse me a while & you'il go neer to be sad.

VVit. Wil, ye are wil-foole, if of him ye be not glad.

VVil. Nay wit if thou want him, thou'lt go neer to be mad.

VVea. To keepe vs still quiet, I would other talke we had,

VVit. I hope we'll not fall out being none but we three.

Wea. If Wealth were alway, Wit and Wil would agree.
Wil. May, Wit and wil are at ſtrife, when ther's no body but we.
VVit. Let paſſe, and of our ſhields (Sirs) let's make a little glee,
Wil, what giues thy maiſter here? a Buzzard or a Kyte.
wil. Wit, you ſhewe your ſelfe a Gentleman by geſſing ſo right,
A Buzzard? thou Buzzard, Wit, haſt no more ſkil
Then take a Faulcon for a Buzzard.
Wit. Be quiet good Wil;
It was but for ſport, for I know the bird els,
Wea. Thou mighteſt ſee it was no Buzzard man by the bels:
wit. What's the reaſon of this Faulcon, I pray the Will ſhew.
Wil. Thou knowſt that a Faulcon ſoares hie, and ſtoupes low,
So doeth pleaſure.
Wit. And what's the word?
Wil. Pour temps, for time.
Wit. A verie prettie one, I would it were in rime.
Wea. In rime VVit, why ſo?
Wit. Becauſe it wantes reaſon.
Wil. Looke for my gift VVit, if ye rap out ſuch treaſon.
VVit. Treaſon, to what, boy?
Wil. To my maiſters bird.
Wit. Now Wil my thombe wags, it was but to his word.
Wil. It is a pleaſant Gentleman, this poong mate, Wit,
Pour maiſter hath ſomething to, I pray ye what's it.
VVit. Looke wil, and geſſe.
Wil. It's a Toad in a ſhell.
Wea. I had as leaue ye had ſaid, a Frog in a well.
VVit. Is't not a great Butterfly, Wil, canſt thou tell?
Wil. What is it in ſadneſſe?
VVit. A Tortoys my boy, whoſe ſhell is ſo hard, that a loaden cart may goe ouer and not breake it, and ſo ſhe is ſafe within, and where-ſoeuer ſhee goes, ſhe beares it on her backe, needing neither other ſuccour or ſhilter but her ſhell: the word underneath her is Prouidens ſecurus, the prouident is ſafe, like to the Tortoys, armed with his owne defence, and defended with his owne armour: in ſhape ſomewhat rounde, ſignifying compaſſe, wherein alwaies the prouident forſee to keepe themſelues within their owne compaſſe, my boy.

Wil. Wit

wil. Wittily spoken, now wealths maist hath got a Daffadowndilly.

VVea. If VVill had not bene wilfull, now he might haue saide a Lilly, whose glorie is without comparison, and beautie matchlesse. for Salomon the most sumptuous King that euer was, was neuer comparable in glorie with the Lilly, neither is ther any citties matchable with the pomp of London, mistake me not good boies, that this pompe tendes to pride, yet London hath enough, but my Lord pomp doeth rightly represent the statelie magnificence and sumptuous estate without pride or vainegloríe to London accomodate, and therefore the word is well applied to the emprese (Glorie sauns peere) for that the Lillie is neither proud of the beautie, nor vainglorious of the pompe: No more is London, but if it be toyful of any thing, it is of the peace and plentie, both flowing from two such fountaines as becomes not us to name. Now therefore, my good boies, know that my Maister is rather Magnificence than pompe in bad sense, and rather pomp than Pride in the best sense.

wil. And my Lord is not pleasure sprong of Voluptuousnes, but of such honorable and honest kind conceit, as heauen & humanitie wel brookes and allowes pleasure pleasing not pernitious.

wit. Who would haue thought that wil had bene philosophous,
But what means the word pour temps in the shield, for time?

wil. Wit, thal I cal thee foole: the best pleasure of al lasts but a time,
For of all pleasures most pleasing to sight,
Me thinks there is none to the Faulcons hie flight,
Yet diseases end it, the breach of a wing,
Nay, the breach of a fether spoiles that sweet thing:

wit And so my maister hath the vantage wil he or no, pomp and pleasure may be il.

Wil. May not pollicy be bad?

weal. Wit, wel ouertaken by VVil that craftie Lad.

wit. A craftie Goose, the Gander giues him health,
Bad pollici's seldome found in so Christian a common wealth,
As London is I trust, where my maister is a Lord.

wil. And ours so tw.

wea. Wel, let vs accord, for wit's a good thing, yet may be il applied

wit. And so may wealth, be it imploied in pride,
And wil worst of all, when it disdaines a guide.

wil. A Jack an Apes hath wit.

Wit. And ſo he hath Wil.
Wea. But he neuer hath wealth: now ye are both ſtill.
Wit. Yes, he weares a chaine.
Wil. Well ſpoke, and like a bearward.
Wea. If ye be Non plus let the matter fall.
Wil. Wit, doſt thou ſee? thus goes wealth away with al.
Wit. Let's reaſon no further for we ſhal haue glee,
Here is a challenger to our ſhields, ſtep we aſide.

Enter Simplicitie in bare blacke, like a poore Citizen.

Wil. He will eate them I thinke, for he gapes verie wide.
Wea. Say nothing to him, and ye ſhal ſee the foole goe by.
Wil. Sirra, gape not ſo wide for feare of a flie.
Simp. Fly, flam flurt: why? Can a flie doo hurt?
Wit. Yea, haue ye not heard that the fly hath her ſpleene
And the Ant her gall?
Sim. My Vncle hath ſo I weene, for its an angrie old fellow
When his gall runs ouer: childzen good day,
Whoſe prettie lads are you three?
Wit. Three, are ye ſure?
Sim. Ile not ſweare till I haue told you: one, two, three.
Wil. I beſhrew thee.
Sim. Nee boy, why? I am beſhrewed already, for I am maried.
Wea. Then thou haſt a wife?
Sim. Yea, I would thou hadſt her, if thou couldſt ſtay her tongue,
Wea. I thy wife man? Why, I am too yoong.
Sim. And I am too old, but in good erneſt good boies, be not angry,
that I cal you boies, for ye are no men yet, ye haue no beardes
And yet I haue ſeene boies angrie for being called boies:
Forſooth they would be called youths: wel, yet a boy is a boy
And a youth is a youth: wel, if ye be not aſhamed of the boy,
Good boyes, whoſe boyes are ye?
VVit. No whit aſhamed ſir of that that we are, nor aſhamed at
all of thoſe whom we ſerue, for boyes we be, and as we be, we ſerue
the three Lordes of London, to weet, pollicie, pompe, and pleaſure.
Sim. A prettie ſpoken Child and of a prety wit.
VVil VVit's his name indeed, are ye one of his Godfathers, yee
hit it ſo right?

Sim. It

Sim. It is more then I know, then is thy name wit boy? How of mine honestie welcome, for I have wanted thee a great while.

VVit. Welcome sir, how so? why do ye entertaine me so kindly? I cannot dwell with you for I have a maister already.

Sim. So have I too, but she learnes me litle wit: my wife I mean Wel, al this while I stand heere my wares are not abroad, and so I may loose both my customers and market.

VVea. What wares sir, have ye wares? what wares do ye sell?

Sim. Truely Child, I sel Ballades: soft, whose wares are these that are up already? I paid rent for my standing, and other folkes wares shall be placed afore mine, this is wise indeed.

VVit. O, the finenes of the wares (man) deserue to have good place.

Sim. They are fine indeed, who sels them, can ye tell? Is he free?

VVit. Our maisters be, we wait on this ware, and yet we are no chapmen.

Sim. Chapmen, no that's true, for you are no men, neither Chapmen nor chopmen, nor chipmen nor chipmen, but if ye be chappers, choppers or chippers, ye are but chapboyes, and chapboyes ye are double.

VVil. Double, how is it? Teach me that and you wil make me laugh a litle.

VVea. And me a litle.

VVit. And me a litle.

Sim. Then your three litle laughes will make one great laugh.

VVit. True, for if three fooles were one foole, that were a great foole. But how are we double chapboies? Point to Simplicity.

Sim. Because ye have two chaps, an vpper chap and a nether chap.

wil. Ha, ha, ha.

wit. Ha, ha, ha.

wea. Ha, ha, ha.

simp. You said you would laugh but a litle, but you laugh a great deale, why doo ye laugh so much?

wil. Because your wit was so great in expounding your meaning

sim. Pee, you may see it is a good thing to have wit.

wit. I thanke you sir.

wea. And what say you to wealth?

sim. wealth? Marie wealth is better.

wea. I thanke you sir.

wil. And how say ye to wil?

Sim. Indeed, good will is a great matter,
wil. Yea betweene a maid and a bacheler.
Sim. Why? you are not in loue boy?
Wil. yes but I am, and in charity too.
Sim. Charitie? alas poore child, thou in charitie, ha, ha, now must I laugh.
wit. But you laugh a great while, and you laugh verie loud,
Sim. Then I owe you nothing for laughing, & you beat me the better
Wea. But now laugh not we.
Sim. No, you may be maddle, coddle: wel heres three passing fine lads, if a man were able to keep them all: let me see wealth, oh that's a swart lad: then wit, oh that's a fine lad: Wil, oh that's a prettie lad. Wil, wit, and wealth, God lend ye health. I would I could guile their maisters of two of them. If I had Fraud here that serued Lady Lucre, he would teach me: he would teach me to tice one of them from his maister: which of them now, if a man should steale one? wil: May, I care not for wil outstep he be good wil: VVit, a prettie child, but a man can not liue by wit: wealth, yea marie sir, I would I could win that wealth, for then I need neither wil, nor wit, nor I need sell no Ballads but liue like a mouse in a mill and haue another to grinde my meale for me, Ile haue a fling at one of them anone.
Wea. De you not forget your selfe gaffar.
wit. Haue you not wares to sell gaffar?
wil: When doo you shew gaffar?
Sim. Well remembred prettie lads, ye may see, children can teach old folks, I am an vnthrift indeed: wel, my wares shall out now. But sirs, how sell ye your wares, how many of these for a groat?
wea. Our wares are not to be sold.
sim. Not for siluer nor gold: why hang they then in the open market?
wil. To be seene, not bought.
Sim. Then they are like ripe plummes vpon a rich mans tree that set mens teeth a watering when they be not to bee bought: but what call ye these things?
wit. Scutchions.
Sim: Cushens, alas it were pittie to sit on such fine cushens: but come my boies if you'll buy any of my wares, her's my stall, and. Ile open and shew strait.
VVea: What daintie fine Ballad haue you now to be sold?

Sim, Marie

Sim. Marie child, I haue chipping Norton a mile from Chappell othe heath. A lamentable ballad of burning the Popes dog: The ſweet Ballade of the Lincoln-ſhire bagpipes, And Peggy and Willy, But now he is dead and gone: Mine own ſweet Willy is laid in his graue la, la la, lan ti dan derry, dan da dan, lan ti dan, dan tan derry, dan do.

Wit. It is a dolefull diſcourſe, and ſung as dolefully.

Sim. Why, you can not mend it, can ye?

Wit What wil you lay on that? For I my ſelfe dare lay ſix groats to ſix of your balde Ballades, that you your ſelfe ſhall ſay I ſing better than you.

Sim. What a brag boy is this to comparison with a man, but boy boy, I will not lay ſix Ballades to ſix groates, but I will lay ſix Ballades to ſix ierkes at your buttockes, that you ſhall not ſing ſo well as I.

Wit. That I ſhall not? No, poſſible you wil not let me ſing.

Sim. I not let you? Is that ſpoken like wit? It is ſpoken like a Woodcrocke, how can I clap thee if thou wilt ſing out thy throat?

Wit. Well then, to our bargaine, ſix Ballades to ſix ſtripes, and who ſhall keepe ſtakes?

Sim. Neither of your companions, for that's alike my fellow if I be a theefe.

Wil. Will you keepe the ſtakes your ſelfe?

Sim. Beſt of all, for I meane plainely and will pay if I looſe, her's my ſix Ballades, they bee ready: now how ſhall I come by your ſixe ſtripes boy?

Wit. Downe with your breeches, Ile fetch a rod and deliuer them ſtraight.

Sim. Nay then I care not if thou keepe ſtakes.

Wit. You ſpeak too late gaffar, hauing challenged preheminence.

Sim. Then let's lay no wager but ſing for good fellowſhip.

Wit. Agreed, who ſhall begin?

Sim. O boy, who is the elder? Hath thou not heard giue Flounders to thy elder?

Wit. You miſtake the fiſh, truſt me I am ſure tis giue place, but begin with good grace.

Here Sim. ſings firſt, and Wit after, dialogue-wiſe, both to muſicke if ye will.

Wit. Now ſirs, which ſinges beſt?

Sim. Tuſh, your copeſmates ſhal not iudge: friend, what ſay you, which of vs ſings beſt? to one of the auditory.

wil. To ſay truth, ther's but bad choice,
How wil you ſel the ballad you ſang, for Ile not buy the voice.

Sim. Why wilt thou not buy my voice?

wil. Becauſe it wil coſt me more money to buy ſallet oile to kéep it frō rufting, than it is worth: but I pray ye honeſt man, what's this?

Sim. Read and thou ſhalt ſee.

wil. I cannot read.

Sim. Not read & brought vp in London, wentſt thou neuer to ſchole

wil. Yes, but I would not learn.

Sim. Thou waſt the more fole: if thou cannot read Ile tel thé, this is Tarltons picture: didſt thou neuer know Tarlton?

Wil. No: what was that Tarlton? I neuer knew him.

Sim. What was he: a prentice in his youth of this honorable city, God be with him: when he was yoong he was leaning to the trade that my wife vſeth nowe, and I haue vſed, vide lice ſhirt, water-bearing: I wis he hath tolde a Tankard in Cornehil er nowe. if thou kneweſt him not I wil not cal thé ingram, but if thou knewſt not him, thou knewſt no body: I warrant her's two crackropes knew him.

Wit. I dwelt with him.

Sim. Didſt thou: now giue me thy hand, I loue thée the better.

Wil. And I to ſometims.

Sim. you child, did you dwel with him ſometime?
wit dwelt with him indeed, as appeares by his rime,
And ſerued him well, and wil was with him now & than, but ſoft, thy name is wealth, I think in earneſt he was litle acquainted with thee
O it was a fine fellow as ere was borne,
there will neuer come his like while the earth can corne:
O paſſing fine Tarlton I would thou hadſt liued yet.

Wea. He might haue ſome, but thou ſhowſt ſmal wit,
there is no ſuch fineneſs in the picture that I ſee.

Sim. And thou art no Cinque Port man, thou art not wit free,
the fineneſs was within, for without he was plaine,
But it was the merrieſt fellow and had ſuch ieſtes in ſtore,
that if thou hadſt ſeene him, thou wouldſt haue laughed thy hart fore.

wea. Becauſe of thy praiſe, what's the price of the picture.

Sim, Ile

ſim. Ile tell thee my lad, come hether, if thou wilt be ruled by me thou ſhalt pay nothing, Ile giue it the, if thou wilt dwell with mee, and I promiſe thee this counſell is for thy preferming, hadſt not thou better ſerue a free man of the Citie, and learne a trade to liue another day, than to be a ſeruing boy in thy youth and to haue no occupation in thine age, I can make thee free if thou wilt be my prentice.

wea. Why, wealth is free euery where, what need I ſerue you? My Lord is a freeman if that may doo me good.

ſim. I cry ye mercy M. boy, then your maiſter is free of the lords company and you ſerue him that ye may be a Lord when ye come out of your yeares.

wit. Wealth is a proud boy, gaffar what ſay you to me?

ſim. Thy name is wit, wilt thou dwell with me?

wit. If I like your name and ſcience, perchance wee'll agree

ſimp. Nay, my name & mine honeſtie is al one, it is wel knowen he's a very fole that cannot beguile me, for my name is ſimplicity.

Wil. Coads gaffar wer not you a meal-man once and dwelt with

ſim. Yes, for want of a better. (Lady Conſcience?

wil. What, a better man?

ſim. No, for want of a better miſtreſſe, ſhe was as very a fole as I Ile dwelt ſo long together that we went both on begging.

Wit. Indeed they that vſe a good conſcience cannot lodainly be rich, But Ile not dwel with ye, you are too ſimple a maiſter for me.

Wil. No? Ile not dwell with you for all this worlds treaſure.

ſim. No, why whom ſerue you Wil?

Wil. I ſerue my Lord pleaſure.

ſim. And whom ſerue you wit?

Wit. I ſerue my Lord pollicie.

ſimp. And whom ſerue you wealth?

wea. I ſerue my Lord pompe.

ſim. You ſhould be ſerued all with my Lord Birchley if you wer wel ſerued, theſe lads are ſo lordly that louts care not for them: for wealth ſerues Pomp, Wit ſerues pollicy, and wil ſerues pleaſure, wealth, will you buy this picture for your Lord? Shew Tarltons picture,

wea. No, it's too baſe a preſent for pomp.

Wit. And pollicy ſeldom regardes ſuch a trifle.

Wil. Come on gaffar, come on, I muſt be your beſt chapman,

Ile buy it for pleaſure, hold, there is a groat.
ſim. Gramercie good wil, my wife ſhal loue thee ſtill,
And ſince I can neither get Wit nor wealth,
Let my wife haue her wil, and let me haue my health.
God forgiue me, I thinke I neuer name her, but it coniures her, look where ſhe comes, be mannerly boies that ſhe knocke ye not with her ſtaffe: keepe your owne counſell, and Ile make ye laugh.
What doo yee lacke, what lacke ye.
Stand away theſe boies from my wares,
Get ye from my ſtall, or Ile wring you by the eares.
Let my cuſtomers ſee the wares: what lack ye what would ye haue bought.

Enter painfull Penurie, attired like a waterbearing woman with her Tankard.

Pen. You haue cuſtomers inow and if they were ought,
What do ye with theſe boies here to filtch away your wares?
You ſhow all your wit, you'l ne'er haue more care.
Wil. Content ye good wife, we doo not filtch, but buy.
Pen. I meant not you, yoong maiſter, Gods bleſſing on your heart
You haue bought indeed ſir I ſee, for your part.
Be theſe two yoong Gentlemen of your companie,
Buy Gentlemen, buy ballads to make your friends merrie.
wit. To ſtand long with your burden, me thinks you ſhuld be weary
Pen. True Gentlemen, but you may ſee poore painful penury
Is faine to carry theſe Tankards for a penie.
But husband I ſay, come not home to dinner, its Ember day,
You muſt eate nothing till night, but faſt and pray.
I ſhall looſe my draught at Conduit, and therefore Ile away.
Yoong Gentlemen God be with ye.
ſim. Wife, muſt I not dine to day?
Pen. No ſir by my fay. Exit Penurie.
ſim. If I muſt not eat, I meane to drinke the more.
What I ſpare in bread, in ale Ile ſet on the ſcore.
How ſay ye my lads? And doo I not ſpeake wiſely?
Wit. Me thinks ye doo, and it's pitty, that ſimplicity
Hath gotten to his wife plaine painfull Penury.
ſim. Yea, I thanke God though ſhe be poore and ſcarſe cleanly, yet ſhe is homely, careful and comely.

One call

One cal within. Wit, wealth and wil, come to your Lords quickly?
wil. Must the Scutchions hang still?
One within. yea, let them alone.
wit. Farewel Paiſſer ſimplicity. Exeunt.
ſim. Farewel good P. boies one hartily, one hartily, hartily.
And heare ye wil, I thanke you for your hanſel truly.
Pretty lads, heark ye ſirs how? wil, wit, wealth.

## Enter VVit.

wit. What's the matter you call vs backe ſo ſodainly.
ſim. I forgot to aſke you whither your three Lords of London be courtiers or Citiſners?
wit. Citizens borne and courtiers brought vp: Is this all? Farewell. Exit.
ſim. Citizens borne and Courtiers brought vp, I thinke ſo, for they that be borne in London are halfe Courtiers before they ſee the Court, for ſineſſe and manerlineſſe ob paſſing, my maners and miſbehauiour is mended halfe in halfe ſince I gaue ouer being a meal-man and came to dwell in London: ye may ſee Time dooth much, Time weares out your hoſhoes: Time teares out miſtones: Time ſeaſons a pudding well, and Time hath made mee a frée man, as frée to beare water and ſell Ballades, as the beſt of our copulation: I would haue thought once my horſe ſhould haue bene frée as ſoon as my ſelfe, and ſooner too, for he would haue ſtombled with a ſacke of meale and lien along in the channell with it when hee had done, and that ſome cals frédome, but it's but a durtie frédome, but ye may ſée, bad horſes were but tades in thoſe daies: But ſoft, here comes cuſtomers: What lacke ye, what is't ye lack, what lacke ye? Come along and buy nothing: fine Ballades, new Ballades, what lack ye?

## Enter Nemo and the three Lordes.

Ne. My Lordes come on, what ſuits haue you to me?
Pol. Renowmed Nemo, the moſt onelie one
That drawes no breath but of th'eternal aire,
That knoweſt our ſuit before we bound to ſpeak,
For thou art the very Oracle of thoughts:
Whoſe vertues doo encompaſſe thee about,
As th'aire ſurrounds this maſſie globe of earth.

Who hath in power what euer pleaſeth thee,
And canſt beſtow much more than we may craue,
To thee we ſeeke, to thee on knees we ſue,
That thou wilt deigne from thraldom to releaſe,
Thoſe lonely Dames, that London Ladies are.
Ne. What, thoſe three caitiefs long agoe condemn'd?
Loue, Lucre, Conſcience, wel deſeruing death,
Being corrupt with all contagion:
The ſpotted Ladies of that ſtately towne.
pom. Loue, Lucre, Conſcience we of thee deſire,
Which in thy ſelf hath all perfection,
Accompliſhed with all integritie:
And needeſt no helpe to doe what pleaſeth thee,
Who holdeſt Fame and Fortune both thy ſlaues,
And doeſt compell the Deſtinies draw the coatch:
To thee we ſue, ſith power thou hath thereto,
To ſet thoſe Ladies at their libertie.
plea. At libertie, thou ſpotleſſe Magiſtrate,
That of the cauſe dooſt carie all regard,
Careleſſe of bribes, of birth and parentage,
Becauſe thy ſelfe art onely borne to bliſſe,
Bleſſe vs ſo much that Lordes of London are,
That thoſe three Ladies borne and bred with vs
May by our ſuites, releaſe of thraldome find.
Ne. Releaſe my Lords? why ſeeke ye their relaſe?
That haue perpetuall priſon for their doome.
pol. But Nemo can from thence redéeme them all.
Ne. Their deeds were cauſe, not Nemo of their thral.
Pom. Yet Nemo was the Iudge that ſentence gaue.
Ne. But Nemo neuer ſpill'd, whom he could ſaue:
plea. Thou from perpetuall priſon maiſt remoue.
Pol. Death hath no power gainſt him to ſtrike a ſtroke
Pom. Thou onlie milde and curteous ſir, vouchſafe
To graunt our ſuit, and ſet thoſe Ladies free.
Ne. What's your purpoſe in this earneſt ſuit?
Plea. To marie them, and make them honeſt wiues.
Ne. But may it be that men of your regard,
Lords of ſuch fortune, and ſo famous place,

Will linke your selues with Ladies so forlorne,
And so dissteined with more then common crimes?
Pol. Mariage doth make amends for many a misse.
Pom. And lone doth couer heaps of combrous euils.
plea. And doth forget the faults that were before.
Ne. Meane as you say, ye needs to say no more.
pol. In token that we meane what we haue said,
Le here our shieldes the prizes of our loue:
To challenge all except thy selfe that dare
Denie those Ladies to be ours by right.
Ne. Woo them & win them, win them & wear the to,
I shal both comfort and discourage you my Lords,
The comfort's this, of all those former crimes
Wherewith the world was wont those dames to charge
I haue them clear'd and made them all as free
As they were borne: no blemish left to see.
But the discourage (gentle Lords) is this,
The time of their indurance hath bene long,
Whereby their cloathes of cost and curious stuffe
Are worne to rags, and giue them much disgrace.
Pom. Alas good Ladies, was there none that sued
For their release, before we tok't in hande
Ne. Yes, diuers for fair Lucre sought release,
And some for Loue would faine haue paid the fees,
But filthy Conscience sat without regard,
In Sorrowes dungeon, sighing by her selfe:
Which when I saw that some did sue for Loue,
And most for Lucre, none for Conscience:
A vow I made, which now I shall performe,
Til some should sue to haue release for all,
Judg'd as they were, they should remaine in thrall:
But you that craue their fredomes all at once
Shal haue your suit, and se them here ere long.
A litle while you must haue patience,
And leaue this place: go in my Lordes before.
Pom. Becommeth vs to waite on Nemo still,
Ne. Not so: but Lordings, one condition more
You promise me, sith they are in my power,

I ſhall diſpoſe them when they are releaſ'd
Vpon you three, as I ſhall thinke it beſt.

Pom. Doe but commaund and we ſhall all ſubſcribe.

Ne. Then goe your ways, for I haue here to do. Exeunt 3. Lords.

Enter Sorrow.

Sorrow draw neere, to morrow bring thou forth
Loue, Lucre, Conſcience, whom thou haſt in thrall,
Vpon theſe ſtones to ſit, and take the aire,
But ſet no watch or ſpyall what they doo. Exeunt ambo.

Enter Fraud, Vſurie, Diſſimulation, Simony and Simplicity.

Frau. How happie may we call this merie day my mates,
Wherein we meet, that once were deſperate, I thinke, euer to haue ſeene one another, when Nemo that vpright Iudge had by impriſoning our Miſtreſſes, baniſhed vs (by ſetting ſuch diligēt watch for vs) out of London, and almoſt out of the world. But liue we yet? And are we met? and neere our old ſeat? Vſury is it thou? Let me ſee, or hath ſome other ſtolne thy face? Speakeſt thou man?

Vſu. No Fraud, though many haue counterfeited both thee & me, We are our ſelues yet, and no changlings I ſee:
And why ſhouldſt thou aſke me man if I liue:
The ſilly Aſſe can not feed on harder forrage than vſurie,
She vpon thiſtles, and I vpon a browne cruſt of a moneth old.

ſimp. So that Vſury and an aſſe are two of the profitableſt beaſts that a man can kepe, yet th'one hath charper teeth than th'other.

Frau. But what meanes Diſſimulation? He droopes me thinks, What cheere man? Why couſen, frolick a fit, art thou not glad of this meeting? What's the cauſe of thy melancholy?

Diſ. Not melancholike, but muſing how it comes to paſſe that we are thus fortunate to meet as we doo.

ſimo. Ile tell thee why we met, becauſe we are no mountaines.

ſimp. But ye are as ill, for ye are monſters.

ſimo. And men may meete though mountaines cannot.

Frau, In token that this meeting is ioyfull to vs all,
Let vs embrace altogether with harts ioy and affection.

ſimp. I ſee many of theſe old prouerbes proue true, tis merrie when knaues meet:

Frau. How

Frau. How sir, whats that?

Sim. If a man had a casting net, he might catch all you.

Frau. Art not thou Simplicity?

Simp. Gwoman Simp. for I am maried, & it like your maisterchip, And you are mask. Fraud to, a poxon your worshipp.
I see, a fox and a false knaue haue all one luck, the better for banning, And many of you crafty knaues liue meriyer than we honest men.

Frau. Sirra, bridle your tongue if you'l be welcom to our company No girdes nor old grudges, but congratulate this meting,
And sirs, if you say it, let's tel how we haue liued since our parting.

simp. O it is great pity.

Vsu. What? to tell how we haue liued?

simp. No, that ye do liue.

Frau. Yet againe sirra. Vsury, as for thée it were folly to aske, for thou liuest but too wel, but Dissimulation and simony, how haue you two liued? discourse I pray you hartily.

simp. Faith euen like two mice in an amberie that eat vp all the meat, and when they haue done, gnaw holes in the cupbord.

Dis. Fraud, after my scaping away at the Sessions where I shifted as thou knowest in three sundry shapes, one of a Frier, and they can dissemble: another like a woman, and they doo litle else: the third as a Saint and a Deuill, and so is a woman. I was banished out of London by Nemo, to the countrie went I, amongst my olde friendes and neuer better loued than among the russet coates: once in a moneth I stole in othe market day to Leaden-hall and about, and sometime to VVestminster hall. Now hearing some speach, that the Ladies should be sued for, for I ame come in hope of my old intertaiment, supposing my selfe not knowen of many, and hoping the three Lords wil prouide in their suit, and I to serue one of them.

simp. He shall doo well that giues thee a coat, but he should do better, that could take of thy skinne.

simo. And I haue bene a traueller abroad in other realms, for here I am so cried out against by preachers (and yet some ministers that be none, could be content to vse me) that I was glad to be gone nowe in some other landes, and not verie far of, I am secretly fostered, saue in Scotland, and the low Countries, they are reformed, they can not abide me. Wel now and then hither I came stealing ouer sea, and bearing as you here intend as you doo.

Frau. And for mine owne part, amongst artificers and amongst a few bad conscienced Lawyers, I haue found such entertainment, as dooth passe, yet would I with Lucre faine be as I was.

simp. Fraud is as ill as a cut-purse, by the masse.

Vsu. And for Vsury, the longer I liue, the greater loue I find
Yet would I be with Lucre, again to please my mind.

Frau. Hœr's a good fellow too, one of our acquaintance, how hast thou liued Simplicity?

simp. More honestly then all the rest of thy company: for when I might beg no longer, as begging was but bad, for you coson'd me once of an alms, I fel to tankard bearing, & so got a wife of the same science, painful penury, then got I my frœdom, and fœling my shoulder grow wearie of the tankard, set vp an easier trade to sel ballads.

Frau. Hadst thou a stock to set vp withal?

Simp. Wise inough to tell you, I, & yonder's my stal, but beware I loose nothing, for if I do, Ile lay it straight to some of you, for I saw none so like theeues I promise you, since I set vp.

Frau. Ye are a wiseman when your nose is in the cup, but soft who comes here? step wee close aside, for these be the three Ladies for my life brought out of prison by their kœper, let vs be whist and we shall heare and sæ all, Sirra you must say nothing.

Enter Sorrow and the three Ladies, he sets them on three stones on the stage.

simp. not til ye speak for I am affraid of him that's with ẏ women.

Con. O Sorrow when? when sorrow wilt thou cease
To blow the sparke that burnes my troubled soule?
To fœde the worme that stings my fainting breast,
And sharp the stœle that goares my vieng heart?
My thoughtes are thornes, my teares hot drops of lead,
I plaine, I pine, I die, yet neuer dead.
If world would end, my woe should but begin,
Loe, this the case of Conscience for her sin:
And sin the food wherewith my worme was fed,
That stings me now to death, yet neuer dead.

Loue. Yet neuer dead, and yet Loue doeth not liue,
Loue that to losse in life her follie lent,
Folly the food whereon her frailtie fed,
Frailtie the milke that Natures breast did giue,

Life

Life, losse and follie, frailtie, foode and kinde,
Worme, sting, thornes, fire and torment to the mind,
Life but a breath, and follie but a flower,
Frailtie claie, dust the foode, that fancie scornes,
Loue a sweet bait to couer lasses sower.
Flesh breedes the fire that kindles lustfull thornes,
Lust, fire, bait, scorne, dust, flower, and feeble breath
Die, quench, deceiue, slie, fade, and yeeld to death,
To death? O good, if death might finish all,
We die each day, and yet for death we cal.

Lucre. For death we call, yet death is stil in sight,
Lucre doth scald in drops of melting gold,
Accusing Rust, cals on eternal might,
Where flames consume, and yet we freeze with cold:
Sorrow addes Sulphur vnto Furies heat,
And chops them yce, whose chattering teeth do beat,
But sulphur, snow, flame, frost nor hideous crieng
Can cause them die, that euer are in dying.
Nor make the paine diminish or increase,
sorrow is slacke, and yet wil neuer cease.

Sor. When Sorrow ceaseth, Shame shal then begin,
With those that wallow senceless in their sin:
But Ladies I haue drawen you from my Den,
To open aire to mittigate some mone.
Conscience, sit downe vpon that sweating stone,
And let that Flint (loue) serue thee for a seate,
And Ladie Lucre, on that stone rest you,
And Ladies thus I leaue you here alone,
Mourne ye, but moane not, I shal absent be,
Yet good it were sometime to thinke on me. Exit

Con. Comfort it is to thinke on Sorrow past.

Loue. Sorrow remaines when ioy is but a blast.

Luc. A blast of wind is worldes felicitie.

Con. A blasting wind and full of miserie.

Loue. O Conscience, thou hast most tormented me.

Luc. Me hath thy worm O Conscience, stong to deep.

Con. But more my selfe my thoughtes tormented haue
Than both of you in sorrowes sullen caue.

From whence drawen foorth I find but litle reſt,
A ſeat vneaſie, wet, and ſcalding hot,
On this hard ſtone hath ſorrow me aſſignde,
Loue. and on my ſeat my ſelfe I frozen find.
No flint more harde, no yce more cold then this.
Lucre. I think my ſeat ſome mineral ſtone to be.
I cold from it, it drawes heat from me.
Ladies conſent, and we our ſeates will view.
Con. Dare we for ſhame our ſtained faces ſhew.
Loue. My double face is ſingle growen againe.
Lucre. My ſpots are gone, my ſtain is ſmooth and plain.
Con, Doffe we our veiles and greet this gladſom light.
The chaſer of glome ſorrowes beaute might.
Loue. Haile cheerful airs and cleareſt chriſtal ſkie.
Lucre. Haile ſhining ſunne and faireſt firmament,
Comfort to thoſe that time in woe haue ſpent.
Con. Vpon my weeping ſtone is ſet remorſe in brazen (letters.
Loue. And on this Flint in lead is Charity.
Lucre. In golden letters on my ſtone is Care.
Con. Then Lucre ſits vpon the ſtone of care.
Lucre, And Conſcience on the Marble of remorſe,
Loue. Loue on the flint of frozen Charitie,
Ladies alas, what tattered ſoules are we?
Con. Sorrow our hearts, & time our cloaths hath torn
Lucre, Then ſit we down like ſilly ſoules forlorne,
And hide our faces that we be not knowen,
For Sorrowes plagues tormented me no more,
Than will their ſight that knew me heretofore.
Loue. then will their ſight that knew vs heretofore
Draw ruth and help from them for our reliefe:
Con. For our relief: for Conſcience and for Loue,
No help, ſmal ruth that our diſtreſſe may moue:
Loue, O Conſcience thou wouldſt lead me to diſpaire,
But that I ſee the way to hope is faire,
And Hope to heauen directs a readie way,
And heauen to help is preſt, to them that pray.
Lucre, That pray with faith, and with vnfain'd remorſe
For true beleefe and teares make praier of force:

Con, then

Con. Then deile our selues, and silent let vs stay,
till heauens shall please to send some friends this way: Sit all down.
Frau. Ladies vnmask'd, blush not for base attire,
Here are none but friends and seruants all, deer Lady Lucre,
Dearer vnto vs than daily breath we draw from sweetest aire:
Dearer then life, dearer then heauen it selfe,
Deigne to discouer those alluring lampes,
Those louely eies more cleare than Venus Star,
Whose bright aspectes worlds wonder do produce,
Vnueile I say that beauty more diuine,
than Nature (saue in thée) did euer paint:
that we sworne slaues vnto our mistresse, may
Once more behold those stately louely lookes,
And do those duties which vs wel beseemes,
Such duties as we all desire to dee.
Con. I know that tongue Lucre, beware of Fraud.
Luc. Of Fraud? Indéd by speach it should be he. Fra. what séekest thou
Frau. Lucre, to honor thée with wit, with worth, with life, with al I haue, to be thy seruant as I was before,
to get thée cloathes, and what thou wantest els.
Lucre. No Fraud, farewell, I must be wonne no more,
to keepe such seruants as I kept before.
Simo. What Lady Lucre, me thou maiest accept.
Lucre. How art thou called?
Simo. Simon.
Lucre. I? No, sir, Conscience saith.
Con. No Lucre, now beware, false not thy faith,
For Simoni's subiect to perpetuall curse.
Dis. As you two haue sped, I would desire to spéd no worse.
Frau. Make you a suit, you may chance to spéd better:
Dis. Not I, for al, my tongue is best knowen,
But if I speak, it shal be to her that was once mine owne:
Good Ladie Loue, thou litle knowest the griefe
that I thy friend sustaine for thy distresse,
And lesse beleeuest what care I haue of thée:
Looke vp good Loue, and to supply thy wants,
Aske what thou wilt, and thou shalt haue of me,
Of me that for more in thy libertie,

Than in this life our light that comforts me.

Loue. O gall in hunnie, serpent in the grasse,
O bifold fountaine of two bitter streames,
Dissimulation fed with Vipers flesh,
Whose wordes are oyle, whose dædes the dartes of death:
Thy tongue I know, that tongue that me beguil'd,
Thy selfe a Deuil, madest me a Monster vild.
From thee well knowne, well may I blesse my selfe,
Deere bought repentance bids me shun thy snare.

Con. O happie Loue, if now thou can beware.

simp Marie, but heare ye motley-beard, I think this blindfold buzzardly hedge-wench spoke to ye, she knowes ye though she see ye not, harke ye, you women, if you'il go to the alehouse, Ile bestow two pots on ye, and we'il get a paire of Cardes and some company, and winne twenty pots more, for you play the best at a game call'd smelling of the foure knaues that euer I saw.

Vsu. Foure? soft, yet they haue not smelt thee.

Simp. No, I am one more than is in the deck, but you'il bee smeld as soone as ye begin to speake. Ile see what they'il say to me. hear ye you women, wiues, widdowes, maides, mens daughters, What shall I cal ye? these four fellowes (hark ye, shal I cal ye ccafty knaues) make me beleeue that you are the three that were the three faire Ladies of London.

Con. Gentle Simplicity we are vnhappy they.

Sim Now ye bad fellowes, which of ye had such a word aa gentle sim:

Vsu. Bad fellowes yee Rascall? If ere you bring me pawne Ile pinch yee for that word.

sim. I cry you mercie M. Iniurie, M. vsurie I meant not you,

Frau If you meane vs, we may be euen with yee too.

Simp, Tut, I knew you an Ostler, and a theefe beside, you haue rub'd my horse heels er now for al your pride: but Ladies, if ye be the three ladies which of ye dwelt in Kent street? one of ye did, but I know not which is she, ye looke all so like broom-wenches, I was once her seruant, Ile nere be ashamed of her though I be rich. & I she be poore, yet is she that hath bene my dame, or he that hath bin my maister come in place. Ile speak to thē sure, ile do my duty, which is Lady Conse?

Con Euen I am she Simplicity.

Sim. I am glad ye are out of prison, I thought ye had forgot me,

I went a begging from you til the bedles snapt me vp, now I am free and keepe a stall of Ballades, I may buy and sell, I would you had as good a gown now as I carried once of yours to pawn to Vsury here.

Con. Gramercy god Simp. wilt thou be with me now?

simp. No I thank you hartily, Ile beg no more, I can not be with ye though I would for I am maried to painful penury: Looke now my proud stately maisters, I may if I will, e you would if ye might.

Frau. No, not dwel with such a beggar as Conscience.

simp. No, Fraud here loued Conscience since he was an Officer.

Vsu. Who cares for Conscience but dies a begger?

sim. That wil not Vsury do, he wil first take 3. score pound in the hundred.

Dis. loue, looke on me and I will giue thee cloathes.

loue. I will no more by thee be so disguised.

simp. Ye doe the wiser, for his face loks like a cloakbacke:

Dis. In thy affections I had once a place:

loue. Those fond affections wrought me foule disgrace,

Dis. Ile make amends, if ought amisse were done:

loue. Who once are burn'd, the fire will euer shun.

Dis. And yet once burn'd to warme againe may proue:

loue. Not at thy fire, I will be perfect loue?

simp. I promise you the wenches haue learn'd to answer wittily, Yer's many fatre proffers to Lucre, and loue.

But who cloaths poore Conscience, she may sit long enough:

Vsu. I wil cloath her straight: Vsurie takes Frauds cloak, & casts it on

simp Wil you maister Vsurie, that's honestly spoke. Cons.

Ha, that's no gramercie to cloath her with another mans cloake,

But I see you haue a craft in the doing M. Vsury,

Vsury couers Conscience with Frauds cloake verie cunningly.

Con. Alas who loades my shoulders with this heauie weed,

Fy, how it stinks, this is perfum'd indeed,

Fra. Marie geppe goody Conscience, indeed I do you wrong,

But Ile quickly right it, my cloake shal not cember you long.

Vsu. All this while Lucre knowes not I am here,

But now wil I to her, marke how I speed.

Lady, the faire st that Nature euer formed,

Lodestone of Loue, that drawes affections dartes.

The only obiect to all humaine eies,

And ſole deſired Daintie of the world,
thy Vaſſall here, a vertus in thy neede
Whom thou by licenſe of the law maiſt vſe,
tenders himſelfe, and all his ſeruices
to doe thy will in duetie as to ſoe,
Glad of thy freedome as his proper life.

Simp. Lady Lucre, you loue an apple, take heede the Caterpiller conſume not your fruit.

Lucre. Why who is it that maketh this lateſt ſuit?

Simp. Tis vſurie. aloud in her eare.

Lucre. Great is the ſeruice he hath done for me,
But Vſury now I may not deale with thee.

Vſu. the Law allowes me Madam, in ſome ſort.

Con. But God and I would haue thy boundes cut ſhort,

Vſu, For you I recke not, but if God me hate,
Why doeth the Law allow me in ſome rate?

Con, Vſury ſlanders both Law and ſtate,
the Law allowes not though it tollerate,
And thou art ſure be ſhut out at heauen gate.

Vſu, You were euer nice, no matter what you prate:

Simp, Then it will be with him as it is at a great mans houſe in dinner time: he that knockes when the doore is ſhut comes too late,

Lucre. Well Vſurie, Fraud, and Simony
Diſsimulation hearken vnto me,
My tongue (although in memorie it be greene)
Cannot declare what horrors I haue ſeene,
Ne can it enter into mortall eares
Vnmortified: the furies, fires and feares,
the ſhrikes, the grones, the tortures and the paines,
that any ſoule for each of you ſuſtaines.
No pen can write, how Conſcience hath me ſcourg'd,
When with your faults my ſoule ſhe euer brg'd:
Arithmeticke dooth faile to number all,
the plagues of ſorrow in the Den of thrall:
then tempt me not, nor trouble me no more,
I muſt not vſe you as I did before,
If you be found within faire Londons gate,
You muſt to priſon, whence we came of late.

Conſcience

Conscience will accuse ye if ye be in sight.

Frau. That scuruie Conscience works vs all the spight?

Enter Nemo,

Vsu. We! Lucre, yet in thée we haue delight.

Dis. Yonder come some, we must take our flight. Exeunt omnes

Simp. Birdes of a fether wil flie together, but when they be taken then are they baken, yonder comes a customer, Ile to my stall: Loue, Lucre, and Conscience, blindman buffe to you all.

Ne. Conscience, Loue, Lucre, Ladies al what chéere? How do ye like the seates you sit vpon.

Con. O pure vnspotted Nemo sole paragon,
Of Loue, of Conscience and perfection,
The Marble of Remorse I sit vpon
Sweats scalding drops, like bitter brinish teares.

Ne. So should remorse when Conscience féels her gilt
But gentle Loue how féelest thou thy flint?

Loue. O sharp and cold, I fréeze vnto my seat,
The Flint holds fire, and yet I féele no heat,
But am benumb'd and frozen euerie ioint:

Ne. O Loue, so cold is charitie in these times:
Lucre, how sit you?

Lu. Vpon a heauy stone, not halfe so cold, not halfe so hot as theirs,
But of some secrete power, for I do find and sensibly I féele,
That I from it exhale an earthly cold,
And it from mē dooth draw a kindly heat.

Ne. Such force hath Care of Lucre in it self,
To cole the heart and draw the vital spirits,
And such the true condition of you thrée:
Remorse of Conscience, Charitie of Loue,
And Care of Lucre, such your vses be:
But Ladies now your sorrow lay aside,
Frolick faire Dames, an vnexpected good
Is imminent through me vnto you all:
Thrée Lords there be your natiue countrimen,
In London bred, as you your selues haue bene.
Which couet you for honorable wiues,
And presently wil come to visite you,

We not abaſhed at your baſe attire,
I ſhall prouide you friends to decke you all.
If I commaund, ſtand vp, els ſit you ſtil. Enter the 3. Lords.
Lo, where they come: my Lordes the Dames be here.
pol. Why are they wympled? ſhal they not vnmaſke them?
Ne. It is for your ſake, for Pollicie they doo it:
Pom. Much may their fortune and their feature be.
But what it is we cannot thus diſcerne.
Ne. You ſhall in time Lord Pomp, be yet content.
plea. Their fame is more then cauſe or reaſon would,
May one of theſe be pleaſures paragon?
Ne. Pleaſure, be pleaſ'd and vſe no prejudice.
Madames ſtand vp, miſlike not their attire,
That ſhal be mended as your ſelues deſire.
Pol. Their port, and their proportion wel contentes.
Pom. Right ſtately dames, if they were wel attir'd:
Plea. May we not ſée their beautie what it is?
Ne. Yes Lordings yes, Lucre, lift vp thy veile.
Pol. Of beautie excellent.
Pom. Of rare perfection.
Plea. A daintie face.
Ne. Vnmaſke Loue.
Pol. Sweete loue indéd.
pom. A louely face.
Plea. A gallant grace.
Ne. Conſcience, vncouer.
pol. Beautie diuine.
Pom A face angelicall.
Plea. Sweet creature of the world:
Ne. Enough for once, Ladies ſit downe againe:
As cunning chapmen dó by curious wares, to the audience.
Which ſeldome ſhowen do moſt inflame the mind,
So muſt I deale, being daintie of theſe Dames,
Who ſeldome ſéen ſhal beſt allure theſe Lords:
A while my Lords, I leaue you with theſe three,
Conuerſe, confer on good conditions,
I will right ſoone returne with ſuch good friends
As it concernes to cloath theſe daintie ones.

If any in my absence visit them,
Know their intent, and bie your skill therein. Exit
pol Ladies, to call to mind your former lives
Were to recount your sorrowes on a row,
Omitting then what you have bene or bee,
What you may be Ile speak, so it please you,
Wives to vs three, Ladies to London Lords,
pompe, Pleasure pollicie, men of such regard,
As shall you guard from evill, once matched with vs,
And Pollicie presents this good to you.
pom. With Londons Pomp may one of you be join'd,
Possessing more than Fortune can afford,
Fortune's a foole, but heavenly providence
Guards Londons pompe, and her that shal be his.
plea. And Londons pleasure, peerles in delightes,
Will deigne to make one of these Dames his owne,
Who may with him in more contentment live,
Than ever did the Queene of Ethiope.
Con. Though silence Lordes, our modestie inforce,
Nemo can tel the secretes of our thoughtes,
Nemo that womens minds can constant kepe,
Be shal for vs you answere good my Lordes,
I speak for al, though il beseeming me. Enter Falshod & doub. dealing
pol. You speak but wel: My Lordes step we aside
To note these fellowes, what they do intend.
Pom. Nemo can tel, for he doth follow them. Enter Nemo.
Falsh. Ladies to you, to some of you, we come,
Sent from such friendes as much affect your good,
With garmentes, and with complements of cost
Accordant well to dames of such degree: I come to Lucre.
D. Dea. I to loue am sent with no lesse cost then could be got for coin
Which with my message I deliver would,
Could I discerne which of these Dames were shee,
Loue. Friend, I am Loue, what bringest thou there to me?
Con. Beware good Loue, from whom and what thou takest.
Ne. No whispering friend, but shew it openly,
The matter good, you need not be ashamed:

Ne. Whom commeth thou?

D.Dea. That I conceiue from any but from loue,

Ne. From whom come you sir?

Falsh. That shal lucre know, and none but she.

Ne. Then speak aloud, for whispering here is barr'd.

Falsh. Then neither wil I do nor speak at al.

Ne. Then I will speake and tel what you are both,
Thy selfe art Falshood, and art sent from Fraud,
To compasse Lucre with a cloake of craft,
With lawne of lies, and calle of golden guile.

Pol. Packe you my friend, for if you stay a while
You shal returne no more to him that sent you.

Ne. Thou from Dissimulation art sent,
And bring'st a gown of glosing, lin'd with lust,
A Vardingale of vaine boast, and fan of flatterie,
A Ruffe of riot, and a cap of pride,
And double dealing is thy name and office both.

D.Dea. Falshood, let's go, we are disciphered.

Falsh. Lucre, thou loosest here a princely gift. *Exeunt ambo.*

Ne. lucre consumes being won by Fraud or shift,
Thus Lords you see how these are qualified,
And how these Ladies shun that sharp rebuke,
Which some deserue by taking of such toies,
As women weake are tempted soone with giftes,
But here they come that must these Ladies deck.
lucre, arise, come from the stone of Care.

Enter honest Industrie, pure Zeale, & Sincerity.

ho.Indust. Fair lucre, lo what honest Industry
To thee hath brought, to decke thy daintie self,
Lucre by honest Industrie atchieu'd
Shall prosper, flourish, and continue long,
Come to thy chamber to attire thee there. *Exit Lucre with ho.Industrie.*

Ne. Thou maiest depart with honest Industrie.

P.Zeal. And Loue arise from Charities cold Flint,
Pure Zeale hath purchas'd roabes to couer Loue,
Whiles loue is single, Zeale shal her attire
With kind affection, mortifying lust,

Come

Come Loue with me these garments to put on:
Ne. Loue, follow zeal and take his ornaments. Exit Loue with p. zeale
Sincer. Rise Conscience from that Marble of Remorse,
That weeping stone that scalds thy partched skinne,
sincerity such roabes for thee hath brought,
As best becomes good Conscience to adorne:
Come follow, that thou maist goe put them on,
For Conscience cloathed by sinceritie,
Is armed wel against the enemie.
Ne. Follow him Consc. feare not, thou art right. Exit Con. with Sin
pol. Most reuerend Nemo thanks for this good sight,
lucre is cloathed by honest Industrie.
Pom. loue by pure zeale.
plea. And Conscience by sincerity.
Ne. Lordings, thus haue you séene them at the first,
And thus you sée them, trust me, at the worst,
Depart we now, come hence a day or two,
And sée them deckt as daintie Ladies should,
And make such choice as may content you al.
pol. Thanks righteous Nemo we the London Lordes
Only to thée our selues acknowledge bound. Exeunt omnes

Enter painful Penury and Simplicity.

pen. Come on gentle husband, let vs lay our heades together, our purses together, and our reckonings together, to sée whether wee win or loose, thriue or not, goe forward or backward, doo you keepe a booke or a skore?

Sim. A skore wife? you meane for the Alehouse, doo you not? I would haue her examine me thereof no further, for I am in to farre there, more then I would she should know.

Pen. I meane no alehouse skore, but a note of your wares, let me sée, First you began to set vp with a Retail, how much money haue ye what ware, and what gaine?

Sim. I haue fiue shillings in money, two shillinges in wares, or thereabout, and I owe two shillings and eight pence vppon the skore, how much is that: fiue shillings, two shillings, and two shillings and eight pence.

pen. That is nine shillings and eight pence, so we are worse by a

a groat then when we began, wel once again Ile ſet ye vp, here is four groates I haue got by bearing water this weeke, make vp your ſtock, and run no more behind. Who comes here?

## Enter Fraud like an Artificer.

Simp. What lacke ye? What do ye lack?

Frau. Me lacka da moonee pour de ſeene berie ſeene Franche knack da ſeene gold buttone, de braue bugla lace, a da ſeene gold ringa, you be free man, mee bn' Forriner, you buy a me ware, you gaine teene pownd by lay out teene ſhellenga.

Sim. Wife, what hard luck haue we that cannot make x. ſhillings now to gain x. pound: why, x. pound would ſet vs vp for euer.

pen. Husband ſee the ware, & if ten ſhilling will buy it, it ſhal go hard but we will make that money: Friend, how my husband your wares

Frau. Looke you dere maſtra de ſeene buttone de la gold, de ringa de gold, de bugla ſheane, two ſhelleng one dozen de buttone, one ſhellenga one Ring, tis worth x. ſhelleng, but maſtra & matreſſa mee maſſa make money to go ouer in my owne countrey, but mee looſe teene pownd pour hall to goe nept tyde or to morrow.

pen. Here is fiue ſhillings buy them of this ſtraunger.

ſimp. Friend you haue not ſtolne them, but you make them, well, Ile buy them ithe open market, and then I care not, here is ten ſhillings, deliuer me the wares.

Frau. Der maſtra, oh pouer neceſſitee maka mee ſel pour graund, graund looſe, you ſhal gem x. pound at leaſt, gor boye.

ſimp. What's your name?

Frau. Merchant, I think I am euen with ye now for calling me Driller, you'l thrive wel with ſuch bargaines, if ye buy, yee knowe not what, Fraud hath fitted ye with worſe than your ballades.

pen. You'l warrant them gold ſirra,

Frau. Wee, ſo good goll as you pay for: Adieu Pounſier. Exit.

ſimp. Adieu Pounſier: Adieu foole, ſel ſuch gold buttons & ringes for ſo litle money, good Lord what penniworths theſe ſtrangers can afford: now wife let me ſee, x. pound, when we haue ten pound, we'l haue a large ſhop, and ſell all maner of wares, and buy more of theſe, and get ten pound more, and then ten pound, and ten pound, and twenty pound, then thou ſhalt haue a taffata hat and a garded gown, and I a gown and a new cap, and a ſilk doublet, and a faire houſe.

pen I

Pen. I thanke ye husband, wel, till then looke wel to your wares, and Ile ply my waterbearing and saue and get', and get and saue till we be rich, but bring these wares home euery night with ye:

simp. Tush, I shall sel them afore night for ten pound, gow wife, gow, I may tel you I am glad this French fellowe came with these wares, we had saine to examining the Ale-shore els, and then wee had saine out, and the ale wife and my wife had scolded: Wel, a man may see, he that's ordained to be rich, shal be rich: gow woman. Exeunt

Enter Nemo and the three Lordes, as though they had bene chyding.

Ne. From whence good Lordes grew this hot argument?
pol. Thou knowest alreadie, yet if thou wilt heare,
For this we striue: fond pleasure makes account
Somming his bils without an auditorie,
That Ladie Lucre ought of right be his.
plea. So I affirme, and so I wil maintaine
That pleasure ought by right Dame Lucre haue,
To beare the charge of sportes and of delightes.
pom. May to support the haughty magnificence
And lordly Pompe of Londons excellence,
Befits it rather Lucre shine with me,
By whom her honor shal be most aduanced.
pol. More fit for pomp than pleasure, but most fit
That Pollicie with Lucre should be matched,
As guerdon of my studies and my cares
And high employments in the common wealth:
plea. What pleasure can be fostered without cost:
pom, What Pompe or port without respect of gaine?
pol, What pollicie without preferment liues?
ple. Pleasure must haue Lucre:
pom. pomp hath need of Lucre:
pol, pollicy merits lucre:
ple, Pleasure dies without Lucre,
pom, Pomp decaies without Lucre,
pol, pollicy droopes without lucre:
Ne, Thus Lordes you showe your imperfections:

Subiect to paſſions, ſtraining honours boundes,
Be wel aduiſde, you promiſed to be ruide,
And haue thoſe Dames, by me diſpoſed to you,
But ſince I ſee that humaine humors oft
Makes men forgetfull of their greater good.
Be here a while, Dame lucre ſhal be brought
By me, to chooſe which Lord ſhe likely beſt,
So you allow her choice with patience. Exit.

Plea. Go, we abide thy doome til thy returne,
Pom. If lucre be not mad ſhe wil be mine,
Pol. If ſhe regard her good ſhe wil be mine.
Plea. If ſhe loue happie life, ſhe wil be mine,
Women loue Pleaſure.
pom. Women loue Pompe.
pol. Women vſe Pollicie: and here ſhe comes that muſt decide the doubt.

Enter Nemo with Conſcience al in white.

Ne. Conſcience content thee with a queint conceit,
Conceile thy name to worke a ſpeciall good,
Thou art not knowne to any of theſe Lordes,
By face or feature, til they heare thy name,
Which muſt be lucre for a fine deuice,
And Conſcience cleare indeed's the greateſt gaine,
Lo, Lordings here faire lucre whom ye loue:
lucre, the choice is left vnto thy ſelfe,
Which of theſe three thou wilt for husband chooſe.
Con. The modeſtie that dooth our ſex beſeeme
Forbids my tongue therin to tell my thought,
But may it pleaſe my Lordes to pardon me,
Which of you three ſhall deigne to make ſuch choice,
Him ſhall I anſwere to his owne content,
pol, If lucre pleaſe to match with Pollicie,
She ſhall be miſtreſſe ouer many men.
Pom. If lucre like to match with Londons Pomp,
In ſtately port all others ſhe ſhall paſſe.
plea. If pleaſure may for wife faire lucre gaine,
Her life ſhall be an earthly Paradice.

Ne, Lo,

Ne. Lo, Lucre, men, and pore, and pleasant life
Are here propounded, Which will thou accept?
Con. Lord pollicie, Loue were the only choice
Me thinks for you, that all your cares employ
And studies for the loue of comon wealth,
For you Lord pleasure, Conscience were a wife,
To measure your delightes by reasons rule,
In recreation Conscience helpe to vse.
ple, Were Conscience halfe so sweete as is thy selfe,
Her would I seek with suites and seruices.
Ne, No lesse accomplisht in perfection
Is Conscience, then this Ladie I protest,
ple, But on this Dame hath pleasure fixt his hart,
And this or death the period of his loue.
Con. Lucre with pompe most aptly might combine
ple. Lucre, or Loue if case thou wilt be mine,
Let passe thy name, thy selfe doe I desire,
Thee will I haue except thy selfe denie,
With thee to liue, or els for thee to die.
Ne. What if I denie?
ple. Then will I haue her.
pol If we denie?
ple. So much the rather.
pom. The rather in despight of vs? Not so.
Ne. My Lords, no quarrell, let this Lady goe,
And if ye trust me, Ile content ye both,
pleasure, this is not lucre:
ple. She's Lucre vnto me: but be she Loue or Conscience, this is she.
pol. Whom you will, haue?
ple. Spight of the Deuil, I will.
Con, Must it not be my Lord if I agree?
ple. Agree.
Con. Some further proofe it fits of you to see:
ple, Receiue a pawn, my hart, my hand, and oth,
To be thy owne in loue, in faith, and troth.
Con. Thus you are fast, and yet my selfe am free:
ple. I know in ruth thou wilt me not refuse:
Con, I know not that, but other Ile not choose.

Ne. It is inough, Lord pleaſure, do not feare,
Conſcience will vſe you as becomes her beſt.
plea. And art thou Conſcience? welcommer to me than either loue or Lucre,
Con. God ſend grace I be,
Ne. My Lords be pleaſde, ere long ſhal you be ſped,
As much to your contents as pleaſure is,
Say but the word, my ſelfe ſhall ſoone preſent
Lucre and loue, wel worthy ſuch as you.
pol, Right thankfully theſe fauors we'il receiue,

Enter Diligence, in haſt

Dil. My Lords, if your affaires in preſent be not great
Greater than any, ſaue regard of life,
Yea euen the greateſt of the common wealth,
Prepare ye to withſtand a ſtratagem,
Such as this Land nor London euer knew.
The Spaniſh forces Lordings are prepar'd,
In brauerie and boaſt, beyond all boundes
T'inuade, to win, to conquer all this land.
They chiefly aime at Londons ſtately pompe,
At Londons pleaſure, wealth and pollicy.
Intending to diſpoile her of them all,
And ouer all thoſe louelie Ladies three.
Loue, lucre, Conſcience, peerleſſe of the rareſt price.
to tyrannize and carie hardeſt hand.
From Spain they come with Engine and intent
to ſlay, ſubdue, to triumph and torment:
My ſelfe (ſo heauen would) ſpiall of them had,
And Diligence, deere Lords, they call my name.
If you vouchſafe to credit my report,
You do me right, and to your ſelues no wrong,
Prouided, that you arme you, being warn'd,
pol. Diligence, thy ſeruice ſhall be knowen,
and well rewarded: Nemo, for a time
Conceale this Dame, and liue ſecure vnſeene,
Let vs alone whom moſt it dooth concerne,
to meete and match our ouer weening foes.
Pom. Nemo keepe cleaſe, and Conſcience pray for vs.

Be gone and recommend vs to our God.
Con. My Lordes, if euer, show your honors now,
Those proud vsurping Spanish tyrants come,
To reaue from you what you do most regard,
to take away your credit and your fame.
to race and spoile our right renowmed towne:
And if you loue or lucre doo regard,
Or haue of Conscience any kind of care,
The world shall witnesse by this action,
And of the loue that you to vs pretend,
In this, your valour shall assurance giue:
More would I speake, but daunger's in delay,
You know my mind, and heauens record my thoughtes,
When I with praiers for you will penitrate,
And will in heart be present in your fight:
Now pleasure, show what you wil doo for me.
ple. I wil be turn'd to paine for thy sweet sake.
pol. Faire Conscience feare not, but assure thy selfe
What kind affection we so euer beare
to Loue and Lucre, in this action
Chiefly for thee our seruice shall be done.
pom. For Conscience sake more than for Lucre now,
pol, For Loue and Conscience, not dispising Lucre.
ple. Onely for Conscience will I hazard all.
Ne. And I from hence will her conuey a space,
Till you return with happy victory. Exeunt Ne. & Con.
Con. Farewel my Lordes, for me my Lords, for me.
pol. Diligence, what number may there be?
Dil. A mighty hoste, and chiefly led by three,
Who braue it out in show, as men assured
Of victorie, saues venture, or repulse.
pol. How nere be they?
Dil. So nere my Lords, that ech delay is death,
Stand on your guard, they come as challengers,
to bruise your shieldes, and beare away your prize,
Mounting the seas, and measuring the land
With strong imaginations of successe.
pol, Wel, Diligence go get in readines

Pen and munition, bid our pages plie
To ſee that all our furniture be wel,
Wit, Wealth and Wil to further wars be fit, Exit Dilli.
My Lords, I would I might aduiſe ye now,
To carrie as it were a careleſſe regard,
Of theſe Caſtilians, and their accuſtomed bravado:
Lord Pomp, let nothing that's magnificall,
Or that may tend to Londons graceful ſtate
Be vnperfourm'd, As ſhowes and ſolemne feaſtes,
Watches in armour, triumphes, Creſſet-lightes,
Boneffers, belles, and peales of ordinance.
And pleaſure, ſee that plaies be publiſhed,
Mai-games and maſkes, with mirth and minſtrelſie,
Pageants and ſchool-feaſtes, beares, and puppit plaies,
My ſelfe wil muſter vpon Mile-end greene,
As though we ſaw, and fear'd not to be ſeene:
Which wil their ſpies in ſuch a woonder ſet,
To ſee vs recke ſo litle ſuch a foe,
Whom all the world admires, ſaue onely we:
And we reſpect our ſport more than his ſpite,
That Iohn the Spaniard wil in rage run mad,
To ſee vs bend like Dukes with his vain breath.
pom. In this deuice ſuch liking I conceiue,
As London ſhall not lack what pomp can doe,
And well I know that worthy Citizens
Doe carie mindes ſo franke and bountiful,
As for their honor they will ſpare no coſt:
Eſpecially, to let their enemie know.
Honor in England, not in Spaine doth grow.
ple. And for the time that they in pleaſure ſpend,
Tis limmitted to ſuch an honeſt end,
Namely, for recreation of the mind,
With no great coſt, yet liberall in that kind,
That pleaſure bowes with all delightes he can
To doe them good, till death to be their man.
pol. Of pollicy they triall haue at large:
pom. Then let vs go and each man to his charge.

Exeunt the three Lords.

Enter

Enter Simplicity led in by Vsurie.

simp. I sir: Why alas I bought them of a stranger, an old French man for good gold, and to be worth ten pound, for so he told me, I haue good witnesse, for myowne wife was by, and lent mee part of the money.

Vsu. And what did they cost you?

Simp. Ten shillings euery penny.

Vsu. That argues you are guilty: Why? could ye buy so many rings and buttons of gold thinke ye for ten shillings? Of whome did ye buy them?

simp. Of an olde French man, the olde French disease take him.

Vsu. And where dwels that old French man?

simp. In Fraunce I thinke, for he told me he was to goe ouer the next tide, or the next day, my wife can tell as wel as I, if ye thinke I lie, for she was by.

Vsu. A good answere, he dwels in Fraunce and you dwel here, and for uttering copper for gold you are like to loose both your eares vpon the pillorie, and besides loose your freedome.

simp. Nay, if I loose my eares, I care not for my freedome, keepe you my freedome, so I may keep my eares, is there no remedy for this M. Vsury?

vsurie. None, except you can find out that old French man.

simp. Peraduenture I can, if you'l let mee go into Fraunce to seeke him:

Vsu, So we may loose you, and neuer see him, nay that may not be.

simp, You haue a good pawne there, good maister Vsury be good vnto me.

Vsu. Nay, now Ile pinch ye, you villaine, ye know how ye haue euer vsed me, but now off goes your eares at least,

Sim. Nay, good maister Vsurie take all my goodes and let me go,

Enter Fraud, Dissimulation, Simonie in canuas coates like Sailers.

Frau. What's the matter Vsurie, that this poore knaue cries so:

Simp. O Maister Fraud, speake to him to let me goe:

Frau. Fraud? Ye villaine, cal me not by my name, and ye shall see I wil speak to him to let ye goe free: Vsury, of al old fellowship let this

poore knaue packe, if the matter be not too hainous.

Vſu. No ſie, his fault is odious, look here what ſtuffe hee would bet-ter for golde, ſtat copper, & he ſaith, he bought them of an old frenchman.

Frau. But thou didſt not ſel them, didſt thou?

Sim. No ſir, I would haue but laid them to pawne for fiue pounds to him.

Frau. That was more than they be worth, I promiſe thée a foule matter, wel, thou muſt looſe thy ware and be glad to eſcape, ſo Vſurie, at my requeſt ye ſhal let the poore man goe.

Vſu. Wel, for this once I will, ſirra, get ye packing, and take héede of ſuch a peece of worke againe while ye liue.

ſimp. There is diuers péeces of worke in that bet, pray ye giue me ſome of my goods againe, a ring or ſomething.

Vſu. Not an inch, and be glad ye ſcape as ye doe,

Simp. Alas, I am vndone, ther's al the wealth & ſtock I haue.

Fra. Do ye long to loſe your eares, be gone ye fooliſh knaue.

Sim. I thanke ye Maiſter Fraud: Ile not goe ſo far, but Ile be néere to heare and ſée what the meaning of theſe fellowes in this canuas ſhould be, for I know Fraud, Diſſimulation, and ſimony to be thoſe thée: here I think I am vnſéene. Simplicity hides him neer them.

Frau. Vſury, thanke me for this good booſie, for it is I that holp ye to it, for I ſould them to him for gold indéed in the ſhape of an old French artificer, come giue me halfe for I deſerue it, for my part was the firſt beginning of this Comedie, I was euer afraid, leaſt the foole ſhould haue knowne me, for ye ſée now though diſguiſde, hee cal me by my name.

ſimp. Did a ſo? I am glad I haue found the french man, now Ile raiſe the ſtrat, but Ile haue my wares again, & proue ye as ye were, euer both falſe knaues I beleeue. Exit ſim.

Frau. Kil him, ſtab him, out villaine, he wil betray vs all.

Vſu. What a fole were you to ſpeake before he was gone, now you haue loſt your part of this too, for he will goe complaine, you will bee ſought for, and I made to reſtore theſe things againe.

Fra. Not if thou be wiſe, thou wilt not tarie the reckoning, for ſeeſt thou not vs three? Diſſimulation ſimony and my ſelfe?

Vſu. Yes: What meanes theſe canuas ſuites? Will yee be Sailers?

Fra. Vſury make one, this is our intent: let's ſée that none heare

vs

vs now: the Spaniards are comming thou beareſt with great power, here is no liuing for vs in London, men are growen ſo full of conſcience and religion, that Fraud, Diſsimulation and Simony are diſciphered, and being diſciphered are alſo diſpiſed: and therefore wee will ſlip to the ſea, and meet and ioine with the enemie, and if they conquere as they may, for they are a great armie by report, our credite may riſe againe with them, if they faile and retire, we may either goe with them and liue in Spaine, where we and ſuch good fellowes are tollerated and vſed, or come ſtily again hether, ſo long as none knows but friends.

Vſu. But will you do thus you two?

Diſ. And thou to I hope, why, what ſhould we do?

Vſu. Whatſoeuer ye doe, be not traitors to your native countrie.

Simo. Tis not our native countrie, thou knoweſt, I Simony am a Roman, Diſsimulation a Mongrel, half an Italian, halfe a Dutchman Fraud ſo too, halfe French, and halfe Scottiſh: and thy parentes were both Iewes, though thou wert borne in London, and here Vſury thou art cried out againſt by the preachers: ioine with vs man to better thy ſtate, for in Spain preaching toucheth vs not.

Vſu. To better my ſtate, nay, to alter my ſtate, for here where I am, I know the gouernment, here can I liue for all their threatning, if ſtrangers preuaile, I know not their lawes nor their vſage, they may be oppreſſors, & take al I haue, and it is like they are ſo, for they lak that's not their owne. Therefore here will I ſtay ſure, to keepe what I haue, rather than be a traitor vpon hap and hap I will: and ſtay you if ye be wiſe, and pray as I pray, that the preachers and all other good men may die, and then we ſhall flouriſh, but neuer truſt to ſtrangers curteſie.

Fra. We ſhal truſt but to our friends & kin, ſo'll not go with vs, yet for old acquaintance hap counſel, betray vs not, for we'll be gone to ſea, I am affraid yon ſolith knaue haue belaied the ſtreets for vs.

Vſu. Let me go afore ye, if any ſuch thing be, Ile giue ye inkling. Exit

Fra. Wo, farewel Vſury: and as he goes one way, we'll go another, follow firs, neuer truſt a ſhrinker, if he be your owne brother.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the three Lordes with their Pages and Fealtie & Herald before them, his coat hauing the armes of London before, and an Olive tree behind.

pol: Fealty, thou faithfull Herald of our towne,
Thou true truce-keeper, and ſure friend in peace,
Take downe our ſhields, and giue them to our boies:
Now Fealty, prepare thy wits for war, he deliuers them
To parlie with the proud Caſtillians
Approching faſt the frontiers of our coaſt:
Wit, here, my Page in euerie meſſage ſhall
Attend on thee, to note them and their deedes:
I need not tel thee, they are poore and proud,
Vaunters, vaineglorious, tyrants, truce-breakers,
Enuious, irefull, and ambitious,
For thou haſt found their facing and their braggs,
Their backes, their roffers, and their wealth, their rage,
But let me tell thee what we crane of thee,
To ſcanne with iudgment what their leaders be,
To note their preſence and obſerue their grace,
And truly to aduertiſe what they ſeeme,
Whether to be experienced in armes,
Or men of name theſe three that lead the reſt,
the reſt referre we to thy owne conceit,
Feal, I hope in this my dutie to diſcharge, as heretofore

Simplicity, make a great noiſe within, and enter with three or four weaponed.

Simp. Clubs, clubs, nay come neighbours come, for here they bee, here I left them, arrant theeues, rogues, coloners, I charge ye as you will anſwere, prehend them, for they haue vndone me, and robb'd me, and made me the pooreſt free man that euer kept a ballad ſtall:

A Conſtable, I charge ye keepe the peace and lay downe your weapons: To the three Lords.

pomp. Who raiſ'd this tumult? Speake, what meanes this ſtir?

ſimp. O I am vndone, robb'd, ſpoil'd of all my ſtocke, let me ſee, where be they? Keepe euerie ſtreet and doore, famine all that comes for Fraud that coloner.

pol. Maiſters, what meane you in theſe troublous times to keepe this coile?

Conſt. Alas my Lord, her's a poore man rob'd, or colonel.

ſim. I

simp. I am rob'd O my boies, my pretie boies, I am vndone, saw ye no theeues, no; no craftie knaues, what be all these?

Wit. Simplicity, away, these be our Lordes, offend them not for feare.

Simp. I seeke not them, I seeke for Fraud that rob'd me.

plea. Go seeke els where, for here's no place for such.

Pol. My friends depart, and qualifie this stir,
And se peace kept within the walles I charge ye.

Const. I wil my Lord, come Simp. we came to late to find your losses. Exeunt.

simp. Pray for me my boies, I thinke I shal hang my selfe I come euer too late to speed.

pol. Now Lordes, let Honors fire enflame our thoughtes,
And let vs arme our courage with our cause,
And so dispose our selues to welcome them,
Doe me the fauour (if I may intreat)
To be the first to front the foe in face,
The Vauntgard let be Pollicies this once,
Pompes the maine battaile, pleasures the Rereward:
And so bestow vs if you thinke it good.

Pom. I think it good, and time that it were done.

Plea. I think it good, and wish the enemie come.

Enter Diligence.

Dil. And here they come, as brane as Philips sonne,
And his Epheſtion, wont to be arrated
In glittering gold, and party coloured plumes,
With curious pendents on their Launces first,
Their shieldes Pimpez'd with gilt coportiments,
Their Pages careleſſe, plaieng at their backes,
As if with conqueſt they triumphing came.

Pol. If they be conquer'd greater is their shame,
But Diligence go poſt alongſt the coaſt,
To tell the newes, and loke to welcome them,
Let vs alone: My Lords you heare the newes,
More words were vaine, I know ye wel reſolu'd. Exit Dil.

Pom. And here they come, Oh proud Caſtillians.

Enter firſt Shealty the Herald: then Pride, bearing his ſhield himſelf, his ympreze, a Peacocke: the worde, Non par illi His Page Shame after him with a Launce, hauing appendent gilt, with this word in it, Sur lé Ciel, Ambition, his ympreze, a blacke Horſe ſalliant, with one hinder foote vpon the Globe of the earth, one fore foote ſtretchiug towards the cloudes, his woorde, Non ſufficit orbis: His page Treacherie after him, his pendent Argent and Azure, an armed Arme catching at the Sun beames, the woorde in it, Et gloriam Phœbi. Laſt, Tyrannie, His ympreze, a naked Childe on a ſpeares point bleeding, his woord, Pour ſangue, His page, Terrour, his pendent Gules, in it, a Tygers head out of a cloud, licking a bloody heart: The woord in it, Cura Cruor. March once about the ſtage, then ſtand and viewe the Lords of London, who ſhall martch towardes them, and they giue backe, then the Lords of London wheele abont to their ſtanding, and th'other come againe into their places, then Pollicie ſendes Fealtie: their Heraldes coate muſt haue the armes of Spaine before, and a burning ſhip behind.

pol. My Lordes, what meane theſe gallants to per ſourme,
Come theſe Caſtilian Cowardes but to braue?
Doo all theſe mountaines moue to braide a meuſe?
Fealty, goe fetch their anſwer reſolute
How they dare be ſo bold, and what they dare doo here.

Shea. What wouldſt thou Herald? As Feal. is going towards thé, they

Fea. Parlie with thoſe thre, Herald. (ſend ſoorth Sheal.

Shea. They ſcorne to grace ſo meene a man as thou
with parlie or with preſence.

Fea: Do they ſcorne? what, are thy maſters, Monarchs euerie one?
Or be they Gods? or rather be they Deuils?
Scorne they a Heraldes preſence and his ſpeech?
Name them, that I may knowe their mightines,
And ſo auoid of duties ſome neglect.

ſhea. Monarches in minds, and Gods in high conceites,
That ſcorne you Engliſh, as the ſcomme of men,
Whom I ne dare without their licenſe name,
For whom thy duties all are few and baſe.

Fea. Imperious Spaniard, doo a Herald right.

The

Thy selfe art one, their Trowch man if thou be,
Be thou my Trunke, that I my message may
Through thee conueigh to them from London Lords.
Shea. Vaile English groome, from beggars sent belike,
Who for their mate thee malapert account,
Dare I (thinkst thou) these Lords magnificent,
Without their speciall pleasure vnderstood,
Once moue with message, or with show of speach?
Fea. More seruile thou to loose a Heraldes due,
That is in field a kinges companion,
But if thou dare not my Ambassage doo,
Stand by and stop not my accesse to them.
Shea. Rather will I returne and know their mindes.
Pol. Now boy, what newes. (When Sheal. goes to the, Wit goes to the
Wit. The fearfal Herald of yon famous crue (Lords of Lond.
Durst not your message to his maisters tell,
Til Fealtie with contumelious wordes,
(Yet was the Spaniard braue and hot in tearmes)
Enforced him for their answere resolute. The Span. whisper with their Her.
Pom. Which now belike our Herald shall receiue,
For theirs comes to him.
Sheal. It pleaseth them to be magnifical,
And of their speciall graces to vouchsafe
A counterview of Pages, and of shields,
And countermessage by vs Heraldes done:
A fauour which they seldome graunt to foes,
Go thou for those, I meete thee will with these.
Fea. My Lords yon brauing Spaniards with
A counterview of Pages and of shields,
But what they meane or be I know not yet:
Haply you may by their pimprezes view,
Or I by parlie some coniecture giue,
So please it you your pages and your shields
With me to send, their Herald comes with theirs.
pol. Our shields I reck not, but to send our Wealth
Feal. Accompanied with Wit and Will, no peril.
Pom. It is my wealth, but kéep him if they dare,
Ile fetch him double if they doo my Lordes,

Plea. Boies, take our ſheildes and ſpeares, for they come on.
Wit. Haile Spaniard, couch thy Launce and pendent both,
Knoweſt where thou art? Here wil we beare no braues

When the Engliſh boies meet the other, cauſe them to put downe the tops of their Lances, but they beare vp theirs.

Wea. Downe with your point, no loſt borne Lances here
By any ſtranger be he foe or friend.
Wil. Wel doeſt thou note the couching of thy Launce,
Mine had ere this els goar'd your Spaniſh skin.
Feal. Wel done my boies, but now all reuerence.
Shea. Aduaunce againe your Launces now my boies. hold vp again
S. Pride. Dicito nobis ideo qui ades, quid ſibi velint iſthæc Emblemata? Dicito (inquam) lingua materna: nos enim omnes belle intelligimus, quamuis Anglicè loqui dedignamur.
Fea. Then know Caſtillian Caualieros this,
The owners of theſe Emblemes are three Lordes
Thoſe three that now are viewing of your ſhieldes,
Of London, our chiefe citie are they Lordes,
Pollicie, pompe, and pleaſure be their names:
And they in honour of their miſtreſſes,
Loue, Lucre, Conſcience, London Ladies three,
Emblazoned theſe Scutchens, challenging
Whom durſt compare, or challenge one of them,
And Pollicie a Tortoys hath Empez'd,
Encompaſt with her ſhel, her native walles,
And prouidens ſecurus is his word:
His page is Wit, his Paiſtreſſe Lady Loue.
pomp in his ſhield a Lilly hath pourtrai'd,
As paragon of beautie, and bone grace:
Glorie ſauns peere his word, and true it is,
With Londons Pompe Caſtile cannot compare,
His Page is wealth, his maiſtreſſe Lucre hight.
Pleaſure, the daintie of that famous towne,
A Faulcon hath emblazon'd, ſoaring hie,
To ſhowe the pitch that Londons Pleaſure flies:
His word Pour temps, yet neuer ſtoupes to traine,
But vnto Conſcience, choſen for his deere.

His

His Page is Will, and thus th'effect you heare.

S. Pride. Buena buena per los Lutheranos Angleser.

Fea. Mala, mala per Catholicos Castillianos.

Pol. Loqueris Anglicè?

Shea. Maximè Domine.

Pol. Agedum, Go to then and declare thy Lords, their shields, their pages, and their purpose.
Speak man, feare not, though Spain vse messengers ill,
Tis Englands guise to entreat them curteously.

Shea. Three Caualieros Castillianos here,
Without Compeeres in compasse of this world:
Are come to conquer, as ful wel they shal
this mol-hill Isle, that litle England highe,
With London that proud paltrie market towne,
And take those Dames Loue, Lucre, Conscience
Prisoners, to vse or force as pleaseth them.
The first (now quake) is Spanish Maiesty,
That for his pumpeze giues Queene Iunoes Bird,
Whose traine is spangd with Argus hundred eies,
The Queene of Gods scornes not to grace him so.
His word is Non par illi, none his like:
Yet is his page or bench-man Modesty,
Lucre the Lady that shal be his prize:
And in his pendent on his Lances point,
Sur le Ciel his word, aboue the heauens.

pol. Whilome indeed aboue the heauens he was,
Could he haue kept him in that blessed state,
From thence for pride he fell to pit of paine,
And is he now become the pride of Spaine?
And so his page not Modesty but Shame.
Wel, on the rest.

shea. Don Honor is the next grand peere of Spain,
Whose pumpeze is a Courser saliant,
Of colour Sables, darkening aire and earth,
Prancing the Globe with his disdainfull foot,
And sailing to aspire to rowling skies,
Non sufficit orbis is his haughtie word,
The world sufficeth not high Honors thoughtes,

And on the pendent fired on his Lance,
A hand is catching at the ſunnie beames:
& gloriam Phœbi, and the Sunns bright coatch,
Honor would guide, if he might haue his wil.
His Page is Action tempering ſtil with ſtate.
pol. Himſelfe Ambition, whom the heauens do hate,
ſhea. And Loue the Lady that he hopes to gaine,
pol. His thoughts diſtract from ſoule diſtempered braine
Drawes him the verie firebrand of Spain:
And in his ſhield his blacke diſordered beaſt,
Scaling the ſkies, ſcornfull to tread the ground,
And both his words, proud words proue perfectly
Action his page to be but Treachery,
Euer attendant on Ambition: but ſo the third.
Sheal. The third graund Caualiero is Gouernment,
Seuere in Iuſtice, and in iudgment deepe:
His ympreze is a naked Infant goar'd
Vpon a Lance, ſignifing, ſeuerifie.
His word, pour ſangue, for blood of enemies
He bendes his forces: on his pendent is
A Tyger licking of a bleeding heart:
And Cura Cruor is the word thereon,
His care's for blood of thoſe that dare reſiſt:
Yet bight his Page that followes him, Regard,
and he for Conſcience to this conqueſt comes.
pol. The Gouernment of ſpaine is Tyrannie,
as doo his ympreze and his words declare,
His Page is Terror: for a Tyrant feares
His death, in diet, in his bed, in ſleepe,
In conſcience: Spight the Spaniſh tyrannie
Hath ſhed a ſea of moſt vnguilty blood: Wel, what's the end?
Shea. The end is beſt you yeeld, ſubmitting you to mercy of theſe
Pom. Before we fight: ſoft ſir, ye braue too faſt. (Lords.
Caſtilians, know that Engliſhmen wil knock, but ſay,
Dooth Spaniſh Pride for Londons Lucre gape,
ple. And would their Tyranny Conſcience captiue haue?
pol: Doth their Ambition Londons loue affect?
ſheal. All this they will, and prey vpon your towne,

And

And giue your landes away before your face:
alas, what's England to the power of spaine?
a Molehil, to be placed where it pleaseth them.
pom. But in this Molehil many Plsmyres be,
All which will sting before they be remou'd,
What is thy name?
sheal, Shealty,
pol. An Irish word, signifieng liberty, rather remisnes,
losnes if ye wil, why hath thy coat a burning ship behind?
shea. to signify ẏ burning of your fleet by vs Castilliãs.
pol: It rather means your common wealth's on fire,
about your eares, and you were best looke home,
a common wealth's compared to a ship,
If yours do flame, your countrey is hot, beware.
Feal. I see Castiltans, that you maruel much
at this same Embleme of the Oliue tree
Upon my backe: Lo this it signifies.
Spaine is in warres, but London liues in peace,
Your natiue fruit dooth wither on your soile,
and prospers where it nener planted was.
This Londons Fealty dooth auouch for trueth,
Herald of war, and Porter of their peace,
Commaund ye me no seruice to my Lords.
S. Pride. Quid tibi cum domini mox seruient miseri nobis; discede.
Feal. Quid mihi cum dominis seruietis miseri meis?
pom shealty, say vnto yen Thrasos thrée.
The Lordes of London dare them to the field,
Bittieng their pride and their Ambition,
Scorning their Tiranny, and yet fearing this,
That they are come from home and dare not fight,
But if they dare in ioint or seueral armes,
Battaile or combat, him that Lucre seekes,
Your Spanish pride, him dare I from the rest.
ple. That bloodie curre, your Spanish Tyranny,
That Londons Conscience would force with crueltie,
I challenge him for Conscience sake to fight,
a Lord of London, and I pleasure hight.
And shealty, when Citizens dare them thus,

Iudge what our Nobles and our courtiers dare.
Pol. Say if thou wilt that Londons pollicy
Diſcernes that proud Ambition of ſpaine,
And for he comes enflamde with Londons loue,
In combat let him conquere me and haue her,
this is Loues fauour, I her ſeruant am.
pom. This Lucres fauour, Pomp for her will fight.
Plea. this Conſcience fauour, ſhe my miſtreſſe is.
ſhea. You crauen Engliſh on your donghils crowe.
Pom. You Spaniſh Feſants crow vpon your pearch,
But when we fire your coates about your eares,
And take your chippes before your walled townes,
We make a donghill of your rotten boanes,
And cram our chickens with your graines of gold.
ſhea. You will not yéld?
ple, Yes, the laſt moneth.
ſhea. Farewel. Retire Heraldes with the pages to their places.
S. Pride. Vade.
pol. Herald, how now?
Fea. Yon proud Caſtillians looke for your ſeruice.
Pom. So do we for theirs: but Fealtie, canſt thou declare to me the cauſe why all their pages follow them, when ours in ſhowes do euer goe before.
Fea. In war they followe, and the Spaniard is warring in mine
pol. But that's not now the cauſe, yon three are Pride, Ambition Tyranny.
ſhame followes pride, as we a prouerbe haue,
pride goes before, and ſhame comes after,
Treachery euer attendes vpon Ambiton:
And Terrour alwates with a fearfull watch,
Doth wait vpon il conſcienced Tyranny:
But why ſtay we to giue them ſpace to breath:
Come, Courage, let vs charge them all at once.

Let the three Lordes paſſe towards the Spaniards, and the Spaniardes make ſhow of comming forward and ſodainly depart.

Pom. What brauing cowards theſe Caſtillians be,
My Lordes let's hang our Scutchens vp againe,

And

And shroud our selues but not farre off vnséene,
To prooue if that may draw them to some deed,
Be it but to batter our ymprezed shieldes.
plea. Agréed, here Fealty, hang them vp a space:

They hang vp their shieldes, and step out of sight. The Spaniardes come and flourish their rapiers neer them, but touch them not, & thē hang vp theirs, which the Lords of London perceiuing, take their owne and batter theirs: The Spaniards making a lirle showe to rescue, do sodenly slippe away and come no more.

pol. Facing, faint-hearted, proud and insolent,
That beare no edge within their painted sheaths,
That durst not strike our sillie patient shieldes.
Pom. Vp haue they set their owne, sée if we dare
Batter on them, and beat their brauing Lordes.
ple. Let them not yonder hang vnhackt, my Lords.
Pol. With good aduise, that we be not surprised, and good enough.
pom. My selfe wil onset giue on Prides, at your Peacocke sir.
plea. At Tyrannies wil I bestow my blow, wishing the maister.
Pol. I at Ambitions strike, haue at his pampered Jade.

## Enter S. Pride.

S. Pride. Fuoro Viliagos, fuoro Lutheranos Angleses, fuoro sa, sa, sa.
Pom. Their shieldes are ours, they fled away with shame,
But Lordings, whiles the stratagem is fresh,
And memorie of thir misfortune greene,
Their hartes yet fainting with the nouell griefe,
Let vs pursue them flieng, if you say it,
Haply, we may preuent their passage yet.
pol. With spéed and hæde the matter must be done,
ple. Therefore you Pollicie shall our leader be.

Exeunt omnes.

## Enter thrée Ladies and Nemo.

Ne. The day is ours, faire Ladies let vs ioy,
The ioyfull day that all men may reioice,
Yet onely I am thankfull for this good.
And your good day at hand approcheth fast.
Wherein you shall be ioinde to thrée such Lordes,

As all the cities vnder heauens bright cope,
Cannot with all their glorie match in worth,
Lucre. Lord Pomp a victor comes to thee:
Loue, looke then for Lord pollicy aſwell:
And Conſcience for her well reformed Fere,
pleaſure, that onely made his choice of her.
Vpon that day triumphant ſhall we feaſt,
Wherein (Madames) your honors nil be leaſt.
Lucre. Againſt their comming might my read be hard,
Prepare would we garlands of Laurell greene,
To welcome them, more for the common good,
Than for affection priuate that we beare.
Loue. To meet them comming will not be amiſſe,
But what know we how they will take ſuch worke,
Con. Report may be much more than there is cauſe,
We may them méete and greet with ioyfull hearts,
And make them garlands when we know their mindes.

Enter the three Lords with the Spaniſh Shieldes and Diligence

Ne. And here they come with new ymprezed ſhields,
My Lords wel met, and welcome from your foes.
Lucre. Lord pomp, wel met, and welcome home againe.
Loue. Lord pollicy, wel met, and welcome home againe.
Con. Lord pleaſure, welcome with vnfained heart.
ple. Faire ioy and Lady yr. thouſand thankes.
pol. Faire Loue, and Lady, twiſe as many thankes.
Pom. Faire and beloued Lucre, though I ſpeake laſt,
As kindly I thy welcome do accept,
As heart can thinke, pen write, or tongue can tell.
Ne. Now ſpeak my Lords how haue ye ſped?
pol. Right well: thanks vnto him ý gaue the day to vs,
The pride of Spaine was cloak'd with Maieſtie,
And Shame his page, (nicknamed) Modeſtie,
Spaniſh Ambition, Honor would be cal'd,
And Treacherie his page, ferm'd Action.
Their Tyranny was cleped Gouernment,
Terror his page, was (falſly) nam'd Regard,
But God aboue hath giuen them their reward.

They

They with dishonor left their shields behind,
The onely prises purchast by vs now,
And those (faire Ladies) we present to you,
Loue, this is thine, and he that giues it thee.
Ne. In lieu whereof your gift and her I giue
Againe to you, that merite more than both.
pol. The greatest gift and good could me befall.
pom. Fair lucre, loe, my present and my self.
Lucre. Which I with Nemos license gladly take.
Ne. Take her Lord pomp, I giue her vnto thee,
Wishing your good may ten times doubled be.
pom. the wished good this world could giue to me.
ple. Of dutie I (my deere) must giue thee this,
that art my comfort and my earthly blisse.
Ne. Now Lords, I hope you are contented all,
pomp with his Lucre, pollicie with Loue:
pleasure with Conscience, ioy fall you from aboue:
And thus to you my promise is performd,
And I expect that yours alwell be kept,
That present preparation may be made
to honour those with holy mariage rites,
that I in presence of the world may giue
these as my daughters vnto you my sonnes.
Pol. By my consent one day shal serue vs all,
Which shall be kept for euer festiuall.
pom. And on that day in honor of these Dames,
these shields in triumph shall be borne about.
Plea. with pageants, plaies, and what delights may be
to entertaine the time and companie.
Ne. So it please you Lordings, me thinks it wer mèt,
that the Ladies tooke care to prounde their owne toies.
My selfe nède to helpe them, who know their mindes well,
For I can kepe women both quiet and constant.
pol. It pleaseth vs well that you wil take the paines.
Faire ones, for a while we betake you to your busines.
Pom. Ladies, adue. the Lords bring thē to the doore, & they go out & Ne.
ple. Beloued, farewel. Fra. giues Pol. a paper, which he reads & then saies
pol. It semes by this writing sir, you would serue me,
Is your name Skil? whom did you serue last?

Frau. An ill maiſter, my Lord, I ſerued none but my ſelfe.

pol. Haue ye neuer ſerued any heretofore?

Fra. Yes, diuers my Lord, both beyond ſea and here with your patience, my good Lord, not offending the ſame, I thinke I am your poore kinſman, your Lordſhip, pollicy, and I Skil, if it like ye.

pol. You ſay verie well, and it is verie like, I will anſwere yee anon. Diſs. giues Plea. a paper which he reades, and ſaies.

ple. Is your name faire ſemblance that with to ſerue me.

Diſ. Pleaſe it your Lordſhip, fair ſemblance, I am wel ſeen, though I ſay it, in ſundry languages, meet for your Lordſhip, or any noble ſeruice, to teach diuers tongues, and other rare things.

Plea. I like ye verie well, ſtay a while for your anſwere,

Enter Vſurie and giues ap aper to Pompe which he reades, and ſaith,

pom. Maiſter Vſury, I thanke ye that ye offer me your ſeruice, it ſéemes to be for your old maiſtreſſe ſake, Lady lucre, ſtay but a while, I will anſwere you with reaſon.

The three Lords go together, and whiſper, and call Diligence, Diligence goes out for a marking yron, and returnes.

Frau. How now my hearts, think ye we ſhal ſpéd.

pol. Diligence, Come hether.

Vſu. I cannot tell what you ſhal, but I am ſure I ſhal.

Diſ. I am as like as anie of ye both.

Vſu. Fraud.

Diſ. Whiſt man, he's Skil.

Vſu. Skil, Why doeſt thou ſéke to ſerue Lady Loue? What profite wil that be?

Fra. Tut hold thée content, Ile ſerue but a while, and ſerue mine owne turne and away.

pom. Maiſter Vſury come hether, you deſire to ſerue me, you haue done Lady Lucre good ſeruice you ſay, but it was againſt God and Conſcience you did it, neither euer in your life did ye ame thing for Loue: Well to be ſhort, ſerue me you ſhall not, and I would I could baniſh you from London for euer, or keepe you cloaſe priſoner, but that is not in me, but what is or may be, that ſtrait you ſhall ſee: By pollicies counſell this ſhall be done, Diligence bring that yron, helpe me my Lords.

Enter

Enter Diligence.

pol. Giue me the yron Pomp, Cosen Skil help to hold him,
Fraud laies hold on him but Dils. slip away.
Sirra, pollicy giues you this marke, doo you se,
A little r. standing in the midst of a great. C,
Meaning thereby to let all men vnderstand,
that you must not take aboue bare r. pound in the hundred at any hand,
And that to much too, and so be packing quietly:
And know that Londons Pomp is not sustained by vsury,
But by well ventured marchandize and honest industrie.
Vsu. I would I had neuer seene ye, if this be your curtesie.
Exit Vsurie.
pol, Now Cosen Skil, alias, filthy Fraud,
No kinsman to Pollicie, nor friend to the state.
In stead of seruing me, Diligence take him to Newgate.
Aske not why, Sir, but Diligence if he doe striue,
Raise the strat he's vnweaponed, and thou hast a weapon on:
And now Lordes when ye will, about our affaires, let's be gone,
ple. Agrad, but what's become of faire semblance my man.
pom. A craftie villaine, perceiuing how we meant to Vsurie, slipt away.

Enter Simplicitie in hast, and giue the Lords a paper to read.

Simp. All hail, all raine, all frost, & all snow, be to you thre Lordes of London on a row:
Read my supplantation and my suit yee shall know,
Euen for Gods sake aboue, and thre Ladies sakes below.
Frau. M. Diligence, Do me fauour, you know I am a gentleman.
Dil. Step aside til my Lordes be gone, Ile doo for you what I can. slip aside.
pom. What's here my boy, what's here? pleasure, this suit is sure to you, for it's mad stuffe, and I know not what it meanes.
ple. Neither doe I: sirra, your writing is so intricate, that you must speake your mind, otherwise, we shall not know your meaning.
pol. You sue for three things here, and what be they tell them:
simp. Cannot you thre tell, and the suit to you thre? I am glad a simple fellow yet, can go beyond you three greate Lordes of London.

Why my ſuite, looke yee, is ſuch a ſuite, as you are bound in honor to beare, for it is for the puppet like wealth, I would haue no new orders, nor new ſciences ſet vp in the citie, whereof I am a poore freeman, and pleaſe ye, as ye may read in my bil ther, ſimplicity freeman. But my Lords, I would haue three old trades, which are not for the common wealth, put downe.

Ple. And after all this circumſtance, ſir what be they?

ſimp. they be not three what lacke yees, as what do yee lacke, fine Lockerome, fine Canuas, or fine Holland cloath: or what lacke ye, fine Ballades, fine Sonets: or what lacke ye, a purſe or a glaſſe, or a paire of fine knives: but they be three, haue ye anies, which mee thinks are neither ſciences nor occupations, and if they be trades, they are very malapert trades, and more than reaſon.

pol. As how ſir? Name them.

ſim. Will you banith them as readily as I can name them? the firſt is, haue ye any old yron, old male, or old harneis?

pom. And what fault find ye with this?

ſimp. What fault? I promiſe ye a great fault, what haue you or any man els to doo to aſke me if I haue any old yron? What if I haue, or what if I haue not? Why ſhould you be ſo curious to aſke?

plea. Why foole, tis for thy good to giue thee money for that, that might lie and ruſt by thee.

ſimp. No my Lord, no. I may not call you foole: it is to marke the houſes where ſuch ſtuffe is, that againſt rebels riſe, there is harneis and weapon ready for them in ſuch and ſuch houſes, and what then? the ruſtie weapon doth wound paſt ſurgerie, and kils the Queens good ſubiects: & the reſt of the old trafh will make them guns too, ſo it is good luck to find old yron, but tis naught to keep it, and the trade is crafty, and now my L. pollicy, I ſpeak to you, t'were wel to put it downe.

pol. Wiſely ſaid, which is your ſecond? Is that as perillous?

ſimp. Yea, and worſe: It is, haue ye any ends of gold and ſiluer? this is a perilous trade, couetous, and a ticement to murther, for, marke ye, If they that aſke this ſhould be euill giuen, as Gods forbod. they ſee who hath this gold and ſiluer, may not they come in the night breake in at their houſes, and cut their throates for it? I tell ye, gold and ſiluer hath cauſed as much miſchiefe to be done as that, down with it.

pom. they that haue it need not ſhew it.

Sim, tuſh, they need aſk no ſuch queſtion, many a man hath be light

to

to shew what he hath, the trade's a tieing trade, downe with it:

pol. Now your third sir:

sim. that is the craftiest of all, wherein I am disburd'e, for that goes under the colour of simplicity, haue ye any wood to cleaue?

ple. A perilous thing, what hurt is there in this sir?

Sim. Do you not perceiue the subtiltie? why sir, the Woodmongers hires these poore men to goe vp and downe with their betles & wedges on their backs, crieng, haue ye any wood to cleaue, and laugh to see them trauell so loden with wood and yron: now sir, if the poore men go two or three daies and be not set a worke (as sometimes they doo) the Woodmongers pay them and gaine by it, for then know they there's no wood in the citie, then raise they the price of billets so hie, that the poore can buy none. Now sir, if these fellowes were barr'd from asking, whether there were wood to cleaue or not, the woodmongers need not know but that there were wood, and so billets and fagets would be sold al at one rate, downe with this trade, we shall sit a cold els my Lords.

Ple. I promise you a wise suit, and done with great discretion.

sim. Yea, is it not? might ye not do wel to make me of your counsel I beleeue I could spie moe faults in a weeke, than you could mend in a moneth:

pol. Wel, for these three faults the time serues not now to redresse:

sim. No marie, for you three must be maried sodainly, and your feast must be drest:

pom, Against which feast, repaire you to Diligence, and he shal appoint you furniture and money, and a place in the show, till when farewell. Exeunt

sim. Farewell my Lords, farewel my three Lords, and remember that I haue set each of yee a fault to mend: wel, I le go seek M. Diligẽce that he may giue me forty pence against the feast for reuerence: Exit

Dil. what is it M. Fraud, ye would demaund of me? Dil. & Frau. step out

Frau. Sir this you know, though your selfe be a man of good reckoning yet are yee knowen an officer vnto these three Lords, and what discredit it were to me, being a noted man to passe through the streets with you being officer, or if any of my friends should suspect me with you, and dog vs, and see me committed to Newgate, I were vtterly discredited, here is a purse sir, and in it two hundred Angels, looke sir, you shall tell them.

Dil. Here are ſo indeed, what meane yee by this, I will not take theſe to let ye eſcape. deliuer Fraud the purſe againe.

Fra. I meane not ſo ſir, no; I will not giue halfe of them to be ſuffered to ſcape, for I haue done no offence, though it pleaſe them to impriſon me, and it is but on commandement, I ſhal not ſtay long, but I will geue you this purſe and gold in pawne to be true priſoner, onely giue me leaue to goe ſome other way, and home to my lodging, for my bootes and other neceſſaries, for there Ile leaue word I am ridden out of towne, and with al the haſt that poſſibly I may, I will meet you at Newgate, and giue you an Angell for your curteſie: there is the purſe.

Fraud giues him a purſe like the other.

Dil. I hazard (as you know) my Lords diſpleaſure herein, and yet to pleaſure you I will venture this once, but I pray ye make haſt that I be not ſhent, I would not for ten Angels it were knowen.

Fra. If I tarie aboue an houer, take that gold for your tarieng.

Exit.

Dil. I do not feare that you'l forfeit ſo much for ſo litle cauſe. Exit.

Enter Nemo with Deſire, Delight, and Deuotion, the three Lordes of Lincolne.

Ne. My Lords of Lincolne, haue you ſuch tytle and ſuch intereſt
To Loue, Lucre, and Conſcience, as ye ſay?
Who gaue you leaue to haue acceſſe to them?
I am their father by adoption,
I neuer knew of Loue twirt them and you:
And to perpetuall priſon they were doom'd,
From whence I onelie might deliuer them.
Which at the ſuit of three moſt matchleſſe Lordes,
Their countrimen, in London bred as they,
I haue perfourm'd, and freed them from their bonds,
And yet haue bound them in their freedome too
To Pollicie, to pleaſure, and to pomp,
Three Lords of London, whoſe they are in right,
Contracted wiues, and done by my conſent,
And euen to morrow is the mariage day,
Except your comming ſtay or breake it off,
I wil go call their Lords to anſwere you,
The (yonder couert Baron) medle not. Exit.

Deſire. Fetch

Deſire. Fetch them Lord Nemo, we will here attend.
Delight. Attend we may, but vnto litle end,
The Ladies are in huckſters handling now,
Deuo. I would I had my time in praieng ſpent,
That I in woing Conſcience did conſume.

Enter the three Lordes of London and Nemo.

Deſire. Here come the Lords, let's ſhow good countenance man.
Pom. Yet more adoe before we can inioy
The ioies of mariage with our miſtreſſes?
Be theſe the Lords that tytle doo pretend?
My Lords of Lincolne, ſo we heare you be.
What are your names?
Del. Deuotion, Deſire, and Delight.
pom. Which comes for Lucre?
Deſire. I Deſire.
ple. Which for Conſcience?
Deuo. I Deuotion.
pol. Which for Loue?
Del. I Delight.
pol. You ſhall be anſwered ſtraight.
ple. I can anſwere them quickly: ye cannot haue them, nor ye ſhall not haue them.
pol. Stay pleaſure, ſoft: My Lord Deſire, you Lucre ſake, Deſire of lucre (be it without reproch to you my Lord) is couetouſnes which cannot be ſeperated long from that: read my Lord.

Point to the ſtone of Care.

Deſire. In golden letters on this ſtone is written Care.
pol. Care with deſire of lucre well agrees, the rather for that Londons Lucre may not be ſeperated from Londons Pompe, ſo you may take that ſtone if ye will, but the Lady you cannot haue.
Deſire. And a ſtone is a cold comfor in ſteed of Lucre.
pol. Deuotion to Conſcience (I ſpeake now to you my Lord that are learned) is ſorrow for ſinne, or in one word read.

point to the ſtone of Remorſe.

Deuot. On this ſweating ſtone in braſſe is ſet Remorſe.
pol. And that is your portion, for Conſcience is beſtowed on Lon-

dons Pleaſure, becauſe London makes a conſcience what pleaſure they vſe and admit, and what time they beſtowe therein, and to what end: ſo my Lord Deuotion, either that or nothing.

Deuo. A ſtone is a hard lot in ſtead of a Ladie.

pol. My Lord Delight, that no delight in Loue, you muſt I leaue, for making choice of mine. Loue is my portion, and that Flint is yours.

Del. Here in lead is written, Charitie. and what of this?

pol. If you be (as I doubt not) honeſt delight in loue, then in the beſt ſence, you can haue but Charitie, if you be (which I ſuſpect not) other Delight in Loue, you muſt be noted for Concupiſcence, and that you will bluſh to be: wel Charitie is your beſt, then that is your poſition: For, marke ye, Londons pollicy ioines with Londons Loue: to ſhew, that all our pollicie is for loue of Londons common wealth: and ſo our loue cannot be ſeperate from our pollicy, you heare this.

Delight. A Flint's a hard change for ſo faire a wife.

pol. And thus Lords, Deſire of Lucre may take Care, Deuotion of Conſcience may haue Remorſe, and Delight of Loue may haue Charitie, other recompence none.

ple. And ſo we thoſe leaue you thoſe with Care, Remorſe, & charity.

Exeunt.

Deſire. With Care and Remorſe I ſweare, ye doo leaue vs, but what charitie I cannot tell.

Deuot. Wel, yet muſt we vſe Charity though we faile of our deſire, and we are anſwered with ſuch reaſon as is not to be gainſaid.

Del. Indeed my Lord your calling is to perſwade to Charity, but if I vſe patience, it ſhall be perforce.

Deuo. Yet being ſo wiſely warn'd, me thinks we ſhould be arm'd And take this in worth, that the world wonder no further, I wil take vp my hard burden of Remorſe and be gone. Exit

Deſire. It is good to follow examples of good, Ile take this heauy burden of Care, and follow as I may. Exit

Del. Becauſe Ile not be ſingular, Ile frame my ſelfe to follow, taking this cold portion of Charitie as my ſhare. exit

Enter Simplicity with Diligence.

Simp. Come on M. Didligence, I haue bene ſeeking ye, as a man ſhould ſeek a load of hay in a needles eie.

Dil. And why haſt thou ſought me (I pray thee) ſo earneſtly?

Simp. Why?

Simp. Why? For this ointment, these shels, these pictures, do ye not know this Countus mountus cum this da mihi?

Dil. What money, why? Do I owe thee any money?

Simp. Owe me? Tush, no man, what do ye talke of owing? Come, and yet I must haue some certaine sigillatum & deliberatum in præsentia. Doo you not vnderstand it? Fourty pence and furniture by my Lord pompes poyntment, against the wedding day: to bee one of the show-makers, I doe not say show-makers, and yet they be honest men.

Dil. I vnderstand thee now, and thou shalt want neither mony nor furniture for that. Farewell thou not Fraud lately?

Sim. No, a For ferit him, for if I could find him, I would make him fast enough for cosoning me of ten shillings for certain copper buttons and rings, I thought to haue bene a baberbacher, and he hath made me worse than a hay-maker.

Dil. I may say to thee in counsell, but Ile haue no words of it, hee hath ouerreacht me too: but if thou spie him first, let me vnderstand, and if I see him first thou shalt haue knowledge, for Ile tell thee, but laugh not, he shewed me a purse with a hundred pound in Angels, which he would deliuer me in pawne to be my true prisoner, because for his credite, he was loth to goe with me through the streetes to Newgate: I refused it at first, but at last by his intreatie I was content to take his pawne, and thinking he had giuen me the right purse of golde, he had another like it, which he gaue me with counters, and so went away, I neuer did see him since, but mum, no words of it.

Simp. No words quoth a, that's a stale iest, would you be cosen'd so?

Dil. Well, so it is now, come follow me for thy furniture and money. exeunt

Enter Dissimulation and Fraud in caps, and as the rest must be for the showe.

Dis. The coast is cleare, come follow Fraud and feare not, for who can discipher vs in this disguise, thus may we shuffle into the showe with the rest, and see and not be seene, doing as they doo, that are attired like our selues.

Fra. That is, to stand amongst them, and take as they take, torches or any thing to furnish the showe, now if we we can passe but this day vnscene, let to morrow shift for it selfe as it may, I promise thee Dissimulation thou art verie formall.

Dif. Not more than thy ſelf Fraud, I would thou ſawſt thy picture
Frau. Picture here, picture there, let's follow our buſines. Exeunt.

## Enter a Wench ſinging.

Strowe the faire flowers and herbes that be greene,
To grace the gaieſt wedding that euer was ſeene,

If London liſt to looke, the ſtreetes were nere ſo cleene,
Except it was when beſt it might, in welcome of our Queene:
Three louely Lords of London ſhall three London Ladies wed,
Strowe ſweeteſt flowers vpon the ſtones, perfume the bridall bed.
Strowe the faire flowers. &c.

Enter firſt **Diligence** with a Truncheon, then a boy with **Pollicies** Launce and ſhield, then **Pollicie** and **Loue** hand in hand: then **Fraud** in a blew gowne, red cap and red ſleeues, with **Ambitions** Lance and ſhield, then a boy with **Pomps** Launce and ſhield, then **Pompe** and **Lucre** hand in hand: then **Diſſimulation** with **Prides** Launce and ſhield, then a boy with **Pleaſures** Lance and ſhield: then **Pleaſure** and **Conſcience** hand in hand: then **Simplicitie** with **Tirannies** Lance and ſhield; they al going out, **Nemo** ſtaies and ſpeakes.

Ne. These Lordes and Ladies thus to church are gone,
An honoured action to ſolemnize there,
With greater ioy will they return anone,
Than Cæſar did in Rome his Laurell weare.
Lord pollicy hath Loue vnto his Fere,
Lord pompe hath Lucre to maintaine his port,
Lord pleaſure Conſcience to direct his ſport.

Vſury is marked to be knowen,
Diſſimulation like a ſhadow flates,
And Simony is out of knowledge growen,
And Fraud vnfound in London but by fits.
Simplicity with painefull penurie ſits,
For Hoſpitality that was woont to feed him,

Was

Was slaine long since and now the poore doo need him.

That Hospitality was an honest man,
But had few friendes (alas) if he had any,
But Vsury which cut his throat as than
Was succoured, and sued for by many.
Would Liberality had bene by thy side,
Then Hospitality, then hadst never died.
But what meane I, one of the mariage traine,
To mourne for him wil nere be had againe.
His Ghost may walke to mocke the people rude:
Ghostes are but shadowes, and doe sense delude:
I talke too long, for loe this lonelie crue
Are comming backe, and haue performd their due.

Returne as they went, sauing that the blew gownes that bare shields, must now beare torches: Simplicity going about, spies Fraud, and falleth on his knees before Pleasure and Conscience, saieng.

Simp. O Lady Conscience that art maried to Lord pleasure,
Help thy seruant simplicity to recouer his lost pleasure:
I bone my Lordes, all for Loue and Lucre sake,
Euen as you are true Lordes, help a false lout to take,
plea. Thou shalt haue helpe, speake, what is the matter?
simp. See you yen fellow with the torch in his hand?
One the falsest villaine that is in this land,
Let him be laid hold on that he run not away,
And then yee shall heare what I haue to say.
ple. Diligence bring him hether, good Lordes and Ladies stay.
simp. O Paisier Fraud, welcome to the buts,
Now Ile haue my ten shillings in spite of your guts,
The French Canker consume ye, you were an old Frenchman,
Da goll buttoone, goll renga, bugla lase, you colon'd me than,
My Lordes I beseech ye that at tyborne he may totter,
For in stead of gold, the villaine sold me copper.
plea. Is this true M. Skil?
Fra. It is true in a sort my Lord, I thought to bee pleasant with him being my old acquaince, and disguis'd my selfe like an old French

Artificer and hauing a few copper knacks, I ſold them to him to make ſport for ten ſhillings, which money I am content to pay him againe ſo ſhall he haue no loſſe though he haue made a little ſport.

ple. Firſt giue him an Angell before my face. Simplicity, art thou pleaſed?

Sim. Truly I am pleaſ'd to take a good Angell for ten ſhillinges, ſpecioullie of ſuch a debter as M. Fraud: but now I am to bee pleaſ'd otherwiſe, that is, to ſee him puniſhed, I promiſe yee the people loue him wel, for they would leaue worke and make baſe bellowes to ſee him hanged.

ple. That his puniſhment may pleaſe thee the better, thou ſhalt puniſh him thy ſelfe: he ſhall be bound faſt to yon poſt, and thou ſhalt bee blindfold, and with thy torch ſhalt run as it were at tilt, charging thy light againſt his lips, and ſo (if thou canſt) burne out his tongue, that it neuer ſpeake more guile.

Sim. O Singulariter Nominatiuo, wiſe Lord pleaſure: Genetiuo bind him to that poſte, Datiuo, giue me my torch, Accuſat. For I ſay he's a coſoner. Vocat. O giue me roome to run at him. Ablat. take and blind me. Pluraliter, per omnes caſus. Laugh all you to ſee mee in my choller adult to burne and to broile that falſe Fraud to duſt.

Bind Fraud, blind Simplicity, turne him thriſe about, ſet his face towards the contrarie poſt, at which he runnes, and all to burnes it, Dil. ſtanding behind Fraud, vnbindes him, and whiles all the reſt behold Simp. they two ſlip away: Pleaſure miſsing Fraud ſaith.

plea. Wiſely perfourm'd, but ſoft Sirs, where is Fraud? O noble villaine, gone whiles we beheld the other: Who looſed him? Who let him ſlip? wel, one day he will pay for all: vnblind Simplicity.

Simp. How now, Haue I beated his lips? haue I warm'd his noſe? and ſcorched his face? Let me ſee, how lookes the villaine? Haue I burned him?

Dil. Thou haſt done more, for thou haſt quite conſumed him into nothing, looke, here is no ſigne of him, no not ſo much as his aſhes.

Simp. Mercie few aſhes if there be any, ye may ſee what a hot thing anger is, I thinke that the Torch did not waſte him ſo much as my wrath: wel, all London, nay, all England is beholding to me, for putting Fraud out of this world, I haue conſum'd him: brought him to nothing

and

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